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ARTICLE I.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

OF the prayer of faith there are three kinds ; the miraculous, of the apostolic age, the submissive, of the common Christian, and the prayer that both expects and insures a specified answer.

By a special and delegated authority the apostles, and some of the private Christians of that age, were authorized to ask for and expect a specific answer to some of their prayers. The most of such answers were of a miraculous kind, and implied a special divine interposition. The right to offer such prayers was a prerogative of the apostolic age. The answers were to constitute a part of the evidences of Christianity for that age of spectators, and for all subsequent ages of readers. Such prayer stood inseparably connected with God's policy of proving and establishing the Christian religion as a divine institution. After sufficient evidence of the miraculous and supernatural kind had been accumulated, and by inspired men had been made a part of the permanent record and scripture of the church, God caused the accumulation to cease. As there is a point where cumulative evidence of the same kind ceases to add to its force as a whole, there must be a limit to the useful multiplication of the miraculous evidence of Christianity. The doubling of the number of miracles wrought by Christ, or by his apostles, would not aid in the conviction of a man who is now sceptical in view of those actually wrought. That kind of evidence has already

spent its force on him, and no increase of its amount would increase its force. For this reason, among others, we may suppose that God allowed miraculous power to cease with the apostolic age. So those promises that warranted Christians of that age in praying for and expecting miraculous aid, we must regard as confined to that age in their use. Casting out devils, speaking with new tongues, taking up serpents, drinking deadly poisons, healing the sick, and such like miraculous acts, the early disciples, as well as the apostles, were able to perform. The specific promises of Christ warranted them in praying for this specific power with a faith absolutely expecting the power. "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; [the miraculous works] and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." John xiv. 12. "The topic of discourse here," says Olshausen, "is the working of miracles on earth." "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig-tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done. And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. xxi. 21, 22. "This promise was evidently a special one, given to them in regard to working miracles. To them it was true. But it is manifest that we have no right to apply this promise to ourselves. It was designed specially for the apostles; nor have we a right to turn it from its original meaning." Barnes, *Com. in loco*. These passages must serve for a class, and the meaning that we are compelled to give to these must confine the import and application and use of them to the apostles and to the church of the apostolic age. Their scope lies within the area of the supernatural, and the faith they encourage in prayer is the faith of miracles.

A second kind of prayer of faith is what we have called the submissive, or the common prayer of the common Christian. By this we mean a prayer, however intense, specific, and persevering, that is poured into the ear of God, and left, in a total and resigned uncertainty as to the notice he may take of it. This is the prayer of faith, in the sense that he offering it has faith in God that he will do only what is best in the answer;

either granting the petition wholly, or denying it wholly, or granting it with variations. It is faith or confidence in the wisdom and justice and goodness of God. It is prayer in blank for God to fill out according to his most holy will. We have a perfect illustration of this kind of prayer, both in form and in spirit, in our Saviour's agony in the garden. He had a specific desire, and it was a holy desire, and most fitting to constitute the body of a prayer. It was proper that he should urge it with a most sincere and concentrated and repeating earnestness. Yet, with an overmastering faith in God, he makes his personal desires and will in the matter cheerfully and totally submissive to the divine will. In this thrice offered prayer, there is in each instance the same contingent veto supplicated on the same intense petition: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Here the desire for the object, the faith in God for granting or denying, and the submission in advance to his unknown decision, are equally eminent and holy and worthy of imitation. And these three elements, an absorbing and persevering earnestness, a faith in God's justice and wisdom and love, and a sweet submission to his unknown will, constitute the acceptable prayer of a child of God.

A third kind of prayer of faith is the prayer that expects and insures an answer specified and defined in the petition. This is a kind of prayer clearly taught by some, and blindly and painfully labored for by many of their disciples. Few religious and doctrinal errors, as we apprehend, have occasioned more confusion of theological truth, or vain struggle for a supposed eminence in holiness, or despondency under a constant defeat. The piety that is supposed to offer this prayer of faith, has assigned to it a special elevation in the attainment of a Christian life. Hence, to those whose piety is more emotional and ecstatic than it is doctrinal and reflective and uniform, this teaching has a fascination and a temptation. They crave that sublimated and glowing nearness to God, bordering on the perfect state, and they have holy aspirations for a position and power so at one with God that they may properly ask what they will and receive it. And the ill-defined approaches to this elevation and its misty surroundings enhance their desire to reach it. For as we know that clearness in a religious truth or way is a stim-

ulus to some, so a cloudy overshadowing, and a dim religious light, are a stimulus to others.

We begin our examination of this kind of prayer of faith by quoting some definitions or declarations of it by one of its leading teachers. We make our quotations from Mr. Finney, and for the double reason that he has put on record very clear and generally received statements of this peculiar doctrine, and because he has done as much probably as any living author or preacher in spreading the doctrine :

"What encouragement have we to pray for anything in particular, if we are to ask for one thing and receive another? Suppose a Christian should pray for a revival here — he would be answered by a revival in China. Or he might pray for a revival, and God would send the cholera, or an earthquake. All the history of the church shows that when God answers prayer, he gives his people the very thing for which their prayers are offered. . . . When he *answers prayer*, it is by doing what they ask him to do." "When a man prays for his children's conversion, is he to believe that either his children will be converted, or somebody's else children, and it is altogether uncertain which? All this is utter nonsense, and highly dishonorable to God. No, we are to believe that we shall receive the *very things* that we ask for." "I am speaking now of the kind of faith that *insures* the blessing, . . . the faith which secures the very blessing it seeks." "I will proceed to show that this kind of faith *always obtains the object*." . . . "Persons who have not known by experience what this is, [the prayer of faith] have great reason to doubt their piety."

Such is this modern prayer of faith in its nature and scope, and the last quotation we have made indicates the spirit that sometimes possesses those who believe, and try to practise, such an article of faith. We now proceed to an analysis of the doctrine.

There must be a great difficulty in obtaining the evidences on which to found such a faith. According to the premises, the faith must amount to an assurance and certainty of obtaining the very thing prayed for. But faith is a consummation of the highest logic, a culmination of moral certainty from proofs. The faith in question must arise from proofs that God will, beyond all question, confer a specified favor. Where are these proofs to be had? God only can furnish them, and if found

at all, they must be found in his providences, or prophecies, or promises. The providence of God assures us of nothing in advance that lies in particulars. Providences are acts of God completed. They are fruits or results, and not to be fore-known. They can only be known in retrospective, and so can constitute only a general warrant for us to expect general favors in the future. They reveal God's character, and so give us a basis for a broad confidence in him. For any particular acts or events in the future these providences can furnish no data of assurance, since providences, as circumstances, never repeat themselves in distinctive particulars. Prophecy can in no way furnish a basis for this faith from the very obscurity that hangs over its import, and the time of its accomplishment. It is but the pre-announcement of an event, whose time is with God. It should be added, too, that prophecy is rarely, if ever, so minute in details, as to descend to a specification of items, such as this prayer of faith is supposed to lay hold of. The promises of God, for those who would plead them in prayer, have the same vagueness. A reserved sovereignty, as to times and modes, envelopes them. Let one attempt to refer to chapter and verse that shall assure him of the recovery of an only daughter from sickness, or of the conversion of his second son, or of a certain prominent and hopeful member of the congregation, and he will apprehend the point we now make.

The promises of God do not run like a commercial order, payable to bearer at sight, or in thirty days. More than this, they are all conditioned on our doing thus and so, conditions that human sinfulness is liable constantly to infringe. Hence an approximation to perfection is indispensable to an approximation to certainty that God will grant a specified favor. Take a text much used by the advocates of the tenet in question: "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." John xv. 7. This promise they use on two assumptions, that it is not confined to the apostles as an offer of miraculous power, and that any, the least sin, is incompatible with abiding in Christ. So is it the sinless one, for the time being, who can offer the prayer of faith on this promise, and obtain the specified answer. Of necessity, a pressure toward sinlessness must precede a pressure

toward the prayer of faith. So Mr. Finney says, "Entire consecration is indispensable to the prayer of faith." Hence the historical fact in the church that the doctrine under discussion and the doctrine of perfection are usually found associated.

In the arguments used to show that the providences, prophecies, and promises of God furnish a basis for the prayer of faith, there is always apparent a consciousness that they are not enough. Hence there is a constant tendency to quote and appropriate the promises made for use only in the apostolic age, and that warranted a prayer for miraculous aid. The advocates of this doctrine under discussion fail to discriminate between the extraordinary and the ordinary promises. Indeed, to be able to appropriate some of these promises of supernatural aid and specified mercies, Mr. Finney finds it expedient to discard the distinction between miraculous and common faith: "Just as if the faith of miracles was something different from faith in God!" Miraculous and common faith he makes the same, and so of course the two classes of promises must become one. Such reasoning puts him offering the prayer of faith on apostolic ground, as to power with God. He may ask what he will among natural or supernatural favors with the assurance of getting them. Yet even the ordinary and extraordinary promises together do not seem to constitute a sufficient warrant always for the prayer of faith. They are not felt to be specific and tangible enough to beget assurance and positiveness in him praying. Hence the resort to a warrant and evidence based on our desires, as desires begotten of God:

"If you find yourself strongly drawn to desire a blessing, you are to understand it as an intimation that God is willing to bestow that particular blessing, and so you are bound to believe it. God does not trifle with his children. He does not go and excite in them a desire for one blessing, to turn them off with something else. But he excites the very desires he is willing to gratify. And when they feel such desires, they are bound to follow them out until they get the blessing." "If God give other evidence besides the senses, where is the objection? True, there is a sense in which this is a new revelation; it is making known a thing by his Spirit." "If we are not bound to expect the very thing we ask for, it must be that the Spirit of God deceives us. Why should he excite us to desire a certain blessing, when he means to grant something else?"

This is an assumption of modern, daily, inspiration. The Scriptures failing to give a man warrant to press God for a specified object, he supplements the Scriptures by an inspiration of his own. His moods constitute new chapters, and the separate desires are the verses thereof. "There is a sense in which this is a new revelation." A broader platform for the wildest fanaticism is not needed. The counsel of the heart is esteemed the voice of God. This strange assumption of authority has been the germ of the grossest excesses in Christian history. A notable illustration is found in the hallucinations of Edward Irving and his followers. When this theory is put in practice there is religion enough in it to intensify all the impulsive activities of the soul, while there is left sufficient latitude for the wildest wanderings of enthusiasm. For by the conditions of the theory quoted, nothing outside the man, or appealing to him through the ordinary channels, can control him. Being by admission beyond the warrant of any specific promise, he is a law unto himself; and if he construe his desires "as an intimation that God is willing to bestow that particular blessing," he is both "bound to believe it" and to refuse all outside evidence to the contrary. So do extremes meet. Theodore Parker says that his own heart is a sufficient source of inspiration for himself, and he glides away into infidelity. This new school of religionists, in an extreme devoutness, construe their desires as a supplement to the Scriptures, and added by the Spirit, and they glide away into perfectionism and antinomianism.

It is strange that discerning and thoughtful men should adopt such a theory of government by desires. With the knowledge and admission that the heart is deceitful above all things, and with the painful fact standing forth in the history of the church that the gravest delusions have had their origin and growth in this theory, we marvel at its adoption by intelligent men. Allow for all the holiness we will, and in those most sanctified, when the person praying goes beyond the warrant of any specific promise covering his specified object, and makes his intense desire an assurance of the Holy Ghost that he shall certainly obtain the very thing he asks, he is but praying on his own judgment. He is taking the responsibility of claiming and ex-

pecting the favor on the ground only that he does extremely wish it. The "discerning of spirits" is overruled, and no margin is left for the mistakes of sinful and broken human nature. It is true "the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered" when "we know not what we should pray for as we ought." But we are nowhere told what mode for helping us the Spirit adopts. Least of all are we authorized in saying that he does it by begetting in us specific desires that we are to consider as a warrant from God "that we shall receive the very things that we ask for." We are wisely thrown back on our moral judgments to determine how much of our intense longing for an object of prayer is of ourselves and how much of God. The joint action of our hearts and the Holy Spirit in these deep religious emotions and wishes will not resolve itself with a perfect clearness in a human analysis. "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing" when he thus works in us to will and to do.

As it is impossible, therefore, to obtain evidence warranting a certainty that the very thing prayed for shall be obtained, so it must be impossible to be sure of obtaining the thing. In other words, this prayer of faith is an impossible prayer. It cannot find a basis for the certainty of the answer. Every man praying knows so much of the deceitfulness of his heart, and of the variations and mysteries in providence, and of the many high conditions that God imposes for acceptable prayer, that he cannot bring himself to the full belief of obtaining a specified object. He will doubt, not God, but himself, while he prays; and the best part of his prayer will be this self-distrust. For that honest scepticism on his own motives and spirit and warrant and expectations will probably make him so Christ-like as to say: "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." Doubtless individuals are sincere in thinking that they have offered this prayer and received answer to it. This is easily understood. Their prayers were sincere, earnest, and persevering, with the reasonable labor accompanying that is adapted under God to work an answer. Such prayers are the ones that God usually answers graciously; and in the cases supposed the answers were answers to the common prayers of devout, earnest hearts. Because in certain instances the thing granted was the

thing asked for, we may not assume that the prayer of faith obtained it, and so urge the obligation to have and use this faith of getting just what we ask for. Such conclusion is broader than the facts will warrant. The answers may have had, and probably did have, no connection with the assurance that they were to obtain those very objects. The fallacy of all this reasoning from supposed answers to the prayer of faith will be apparent if one will make his argument tabular, and composed of all the facts that should go in. Let him draw his schedule with columns for the person praying in the full faith supposed, the time, the place, the object, and the answer. The blanks in the column for answers, when the very thing sought was not obtained, will destroy that presumptuous certainty that we can have the precise favor we ask for. The truth is, Christian ardor and an emotional piety have outrun the logic of texts and induction to establish a favorite theory. The argument has been based on the exceptions, and the conclusion will be denied if the table of facts is made out in full and allowed in evidence.

We have yet another difficulty with this theory.

If Christians of a tender and devout spirit are urged to the exercise of this prayer of faith, it must work frenzy and fanaticism. For striving for it takes one out of the region of the senses, of evidence, knowledge, and reasoning, into the region of the enthusiastic, the visionary, the inspired. The safe basis of revealed truth and established fact is left for the structures of a devout fancy. An inner light, the most delusive of all lights, is taken as a supplement where the revealed light ceases to shine. So the man is urged on over a dim and perilous way, his desires alone being guides to his dangerous footsteps. What shall keep such a man from being sufficient unto himself, and fanatical without limit? In his *Lectures on Revivals*, Mr. Finney cites a case within his own knowledge, so exactly to our point that we close this part of our argument by quoting it:

"I knew a father at the West. He was a good man, but he had erroneous views respecting the prayer of faith; and his whole family of children were grown up, and not one of them converted. At length his son sickened and seemed about to die. The father prayed, but the son grew worse, and seemed sinking into the grave without hope. The father prayed till his anguish was unutterable. He went at last

and prayed — there seemed no prospect of his son's life — but he poured out his soul as if he would not be denied, till at length he got an *assurance* that his son would not only live, but be converted; and not only this one, but his whole family would be converted to God. He came into the house, and told his family his son would not die. They were astonished at him. 'I tell you,' says he, 'he won't die. And no child of mine will ever die in his sins.' That man's children were all converted years ago."

That is fanaticism, ready for any wildest freak, and bordering on religious insanity; and this theory is calculated to drive any one into such extravagances, whose theological system is narrow, and whose feelings are too strong for his reflective powers.

Moreover, how can one exercise a truly submissive spirit while offering this prayer of faith? One's liability to mistake God's will, or his own real good, must be overlooked; the favor sought must be specified, as in an order, and the certainty of receiving it must be absolute. For "this kind of faith always obtains the object." Where is the place left for one to feel and say: "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" That glorious and gracious condition, which leaves all the responsibility of granting or denying with God, and gives us such a bold refuge from our errors in judgment or feeling, is thrown out. The suppliant, trusting spirit is supplanted by a self-sufficiency; the only will recognized is the man's will, and the faith exercised is the faith that the man has in himself that he is right, and is sure of gaining his end. It is not at all the sweet faith that trusts God, the Infinite, to do as he pleases, and leaves the place of secret prayer in a cheerful, triumphant uncertainty as to what it may please God to do. There is no tender yielding of our most cherished desires or sacred interests, as when "Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son." According to this prayer, the man and all his projects do not enter into and disappear in the unknown will of God, leaving this voice only to be heard: "Father, glorify thy name." It precludes the rich experience of those eminent saints whose prayers were almost turned to praises before they came to the gates of pearl, so little of their own will had they left. In contrast with such the prayer of faith is business-like, and they who offer it are apt to manifest an easy familiarity with God, and at

times a spirit almost exacting and demanding. Such prayers do not remind us of Abraham's intercession for Sodom, and David's for his sick child, and Paul's over the thorn in the flesh, and our Saviour's in Gethsemane.

We have yet to remark only on the depressing influences of this doctrine on some minds. A tender, sensitive, prayerful heart, if once gained over by this doctrine, would not soon or easily escape the power of it. We have met many on whom its effects were most painful and distressing, till the truth as to the real prayer of faith relieved them. For they felt pressed by the teaching to ask and expect mercies of a definite and specified kind, while they could find no scriptural warrant for such definiteness in expectation. They felt that there was an alarming and sinful deficiency in their faith, if they did not feel certain of obtaining the favors sought, while they could find no basis for such certainty. While they were conscious that their hearts often deceived them, they felt that in the prayer of faith they must make no allowance for error in feeling or judgment, and so shade the certainty of the answer with a doubt. They felt that the doctrine gave no leeway for the unknown and overruling will of God, and discouraged that submissive spirit in prayer which leaves the answer contingent and uncertain. In brief, they found that the doctrine pressed them to offer an impossible prayer. After years of depression and struggle, they have escaped from the entangling error, and come into the joyous liberty of having faith in God. They can now be joyous in a filial confidence. They can press their desires warmly, perseveringly, and with a struggle at the throne of grace, sometimes most earnestly, "being in an agony," and then with a Christ-like contentment leave their garden of Gethsemane saying, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

ARTICLE II.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough. With a Memoir, by
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
1862.

THE thoughts of a rare, choice spirit lie entombed in these pages. Clough was one of those men who leave a marked impression upon the circle in which they move. He had the magnetism of personal influence. He could charm by word, by cheer, by the indefinable air of intellectual superiority, those among whom he familiarly lived. To these his poems, the truthful revelations of the man, have more than ordinary attraction. Memory gives each of them a special meaning. To us who never knew him, until this little volume came to hand, they have a charm, as they reveal a singularly honest and earnest nature. And more, they are instructive, as showing the intellectual spirit of the times. It was given to Clough, as to Sterling and to Blanco White, to pass through the region of modern doubt. Each of these men came to nearly the same conclusion; each threw aside hereditary opinions; each pushed out into great vagueness of speculation; each, after a long flight, like a bird spent of its strength, fluttered to the ground; each is now learning for himself those secrets which to mortal eyes are not revealed.

Hence Clough, aside from his merely literary character, is a representative man in religious thought. He would not be called a religious thinker. In this respect, he only claims our notice as one who rejected, at much personal loss, his ancestral faith, and tried to solve the problems of our spiritual nature. His minor poems are mainly occupied with suggestions upon these. They touch upon doubt, necessity, duty, fidelity to truth; they show fully the longing for peace and hope; but they set forth only that contentment which arises from baffled purpose. They ex-

hibit a negation of warm religious belief; they are sad from a want of Christian faith. The man is 'representative' because he tried the pathway of religious doubt, with intellectual gifts and scholarly endowments which ought to insure success, if it were possible. Because he did not succeed, he is worthy of notice in these pages. He had a stronger mind than Sterling; he had a stronger grasp of truth than Blanco White; but his splendid powers were of no avail in the solitary march for peace and rest, away from Christ. We honor the noble honesty of Clough, but we regret the misuse of his religious nature. It is too common that the whole influence of a university education is to undermine one's faith in Christianity. The spirit of doubt is not confined to the young men of Oxford and Cambridge. It is in our own universities. It is a strong undercurrent at Harvard and Yale, at Amherst and Brown and Williams. The young men who are first in intellectual power, are weakest in their belief in religious truth. Clough is the very type and leader of these. He is honest, as they are; he tries to explore the whole realm of religious thought, as they do; he frankly gives up the church, as they do; he fritters away fine powers of thought, as they do; and the golden season of manhood is spent in doubt, when under a more genial sky, it would have been spent in service to Christ. Our finest minds engage, as the work of life, in occupations which are far below them, perhaps chiefly because they have no settled religious faith. Yet where is the remedy? It seems to be a necessity for these men to prove their belief. But they are readiest to do it, when they have least fitness for it. And besides, the intellectual leaven of this age is at work in nearly every ingenuous mind. It was the spirit of Arnold which gave the impulse to Clough's mind; and then the Tractarian movement only helped to spur it on when he came to Oxford. His eminence there made him perhaps a sort of leader among radical young men. And it is not strange that, when the Oxford honors were all in his hands, and life looked bright before him, he should feel compelled to resign his Fellowship and bid *Alma Mater* adieu. And he does this in the following sonnet, which is also a good sample of his shorter poems:

"Well, well — Heaven bless you all from day to day !
 Forgiveness, too, or e'er we part, from each,
 As I do give it, so must I beseech :
 I owe all much, much more than I can pay ;
 Therefore it is I go ; how could I stay,
 Where every look commits me to fresh debt,
 And to pay little I must borrow yet ?
 Enough of this already, now away !
 With silent woods and hills untenanted
 Let me go commune ; under thy sweet gloom,
 O kind maternal Darkness, hide my head ;
 The day may come I yet may re-assume
 My place, and these tired limbs recruited, seek
 The task for which I now am all too weak."

But he never returned to the Oxford cloisters. His mind was too radical for that. The pupil of Arnold had gone beyond him. And so has the spirit which Arnold aroused gone beyond the bounds which he would have assigned to it. Its legitimate fruit is the "Essays and Reviews," which has made an epoch in theological literature.

Now the real value of all this writing and thinking is slight ; it is negative ; it would not be worth writing about, did not these men win the ear of those whose minds are yet unformed. Here is precisely their evil influence. Men, like Arnold, and Carlyle, and Sterling, and White, and Clough, and Jowett, are the very ones who have intellectual raciness and zest for the young men in our colleges. Their spirit is noble, earnest, winning. But however honest they may be with themselves, their principles are unsound. He who follows them will soon feel his Christian beliefs giving away. The men themselves feel their religious unsoundness. Here are some passages from Clough's "Amours de Voyage" which reveal his religious condition. "Had he been writing in his own name," says Mr. Norton, in his charming memoir, "he could not have uttered his inmost conviction more distinctly, or have given the clue to his interior life more openly, than in the following verses" :

"I will look straight out, see things, not try to evade them :
 Fact shall be Fact for me ; and the Truth the Truth, as ever,
 Flexible, changeable, vague, and multiform and doubtful."

* * * * *
 'Ah, the key of our life that passes all wards, opens all locks,
 Is not *I will*, but, *I must*, I must — I must — and I do it.'

* * * * *

‘ But for the steady fore-sense of a freer and larger existence,
 Think you that man could consent to be circumscribed here into action ?
 But for assurance within of a limitless ocean divine, o’er
 Whose great tranquil depths unconscious the wind-tost surface
 Breaks into ripples of trouble that come and change and endure not, —
 But that in this, of a truth, we have our being and know it,
 Think you we men could submit to live and move as we do here ? ’ ”

This man persists in relying upon those very things in human belief that are most involved in doubt. He has doubted so long that he sees every truth double, and is uncertain which side to accept. He finally comes to the sceptic’s jumping-off place — not the “*I will*, but *I must*.” Clough’s poems are often disfigured, many of them made obscure by the spirit of restless mental questioning. They may give many thoughts peculiar to our time exceedingly well ; but most of them seem as if written by a man whose heart is ill at ease. There is a tone of sadness, at times almost pathetic. This is true more especially of the minor poems. There is little of genuine poetry in the misgivings of mental doubt. It is unfortunate for his reputation that these were ever printed ; and yet they are valuable for insights into his intellectual character. To apply his own words used for another purpose :

“ Our native frailty haunted him — a touch
 Of something introspective overmuch.”

He analyzed his emotions, his thoughts, too keenly. His doubt became his disease, precisely as with Sterling and Blanco White.

Yet all his poems are not of this *doubtful* character. “*The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*” is full of frolicsome and hearty playfulness. One would never guess, from reading it, that at the time it was published, the author’s opinions were too radical for Oxford. It is a Long-Vacation Pastoral, an Idyll of the Highlands. Its peculiarity is the freshness of its scenes, its fidelity to nature, and the quaint Homeric simplicity of its language and structure. The hexameter verse is here successfully employed. We have come even to enjoy the measure as Clough uses it in his two longest poems. He truly says : “ It is not an easy thing to make readable English hexameters at all ; not an easy thing even in the freedom of original composition, but a very hard one indeed, amid the restrictions of faithful translation.” Yet he has overcome the difficulty ; very often

his verses have "the true Homeric ring." In these lines there is even music in the flow :

"Tiber is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes and the Anio
Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence ;
Tiber and Anio's tide ; and cool from Lucretilis ever,
With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandusian fountain
Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of Horace."

And again in these lines from the *Tober-na-Vuolich* :

"There, in the bright October, the gorgeous bright October,
When the brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie,
Alders are green, and oaks, the rowan scarlet and yellow,
Heavy the aspen, and heavy with jewels of gold the birch-tree,
There, when shearing had ended, and barley-stooks were garnered,
David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling Elspie ;
Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip the poet."

There is nothing unhealthy in all this. The "*Bothie*" is made out of the experiences of Oxford students while rustivating in the Highlands. In its way, it is perfect ; it is interesting because it gives pictures of the Highlands ; it is full of student life ; it is also more a work of art than his other poems, which seem to be rather the unstudied utterance of his mind ; but it is too scholarly, in spite of its peculiar beauty, ever to win many readers ; those, however, who can understand it always will prize it highly.

It happened to Clough, as to many other recent English writers, to be more truly recognized in America than in England. We are in more sympathy with such earnest, searching minds, than the mass of Englishmen. The fresh and tasteful memoir reveals many most amiable traits of character. His life was only that of the scholar. He was born in Liverpool, January 1, 1819 ; educated at Rugby, gaining every honor which the school could bestow ; carried away the Balliol scholarship at Oxford with a renown beyond that of any of his predecessors ; became a Fellow of Oriel ; resigned his Fellowship because he found "the restraints of the University incompatible with independence" ; was in Rome and Paris during the Revolution of 1848-'49 ; came to Boston in 1852, where he won many friends ; returned to England and was married in 1853 ; took an office in the Education Department of the Privy Coun-

cil, and there labored until his health gave way and he was compelled to seek rest and change of work. He went to Greece and Constantinople; he came back to England, his health but little improved. Again, he sought relief in travel upon the Continent — "He spent some time with his friends, the Tennysons, in Auvergne and among the Pyrenees." Later, with his wife he passed through Switzerland to Italy. "He had scarcely reached Florence before he became alarmingly ill with symptoms of a low malarious fever. His exhausted constitution never rallied against its attack. He sank gradually away, and died on the 13th of November, 1861." "He was buried in the little Protestant cemetery at Florence, a fit resting-place for a poet — the Protestant Santa Croce — where the tall cypresses rise over the graves, and the beautiful hills keep guard around."

He has left behind him, so his friends claim, no adequate memorial of his powers. He revised, and almost retranslated, Plutarch; he wrote for the "North American" and for "Putnam's Monthly"; but he was never an easy writer. His style is jerky and fitful, yet his choice of words is often inimitable. His poetry is his chief legacy to literature. His "*Mari Magno*, or, *Tales on Board*," is on the plan of the "*Canterbury Tales*," but has not the finish of the "*Bothie*," or of the shorter poems. The conception, however, is good, and could he have wrought it out carefully, we think this would have proved a very happy success. The spirit of these sketches is more quiet and subdued than in the earlier poems, and even the measure into which he runs the verse indicates a more balanced and reposeful mental state. There are signs in his later writings that faith was gaining ground upon his unbelieving habit of mind. He had a rare gift for describing natural scenery. He could have excelled, too, had he written poems like "*The Song of Lamech*" or "*Jacob*." To our mind these, if less piquant, are more complete than perhaps any of his other works. But he had a humorous vein. The "*Spectator ab Extra*" is full of genuine humor; so also is the poem beginning —

"How, in Heaven's name, did Columbus get over?"

There are few poems more finished in every respect than

Clough's "Highland Lassie," quoting which we must bid adieu to the little volume which is to keep his memory green :

"Farewell, my Highland lassie ! when the year returns around,
Be it Greece or be it Norway, where my vagrant feet are found,
I shall call to mind the place, I shall call to mind the day,
The day that's gone forever, and the glen that's far away ;
I shall mind me, be it Rhine or Rhone, Italian land or France,
Of the laughings and the whispers, of the pipings and the dance ;
I shall see thy soft brown eyes dilate to wakening woman thought,
And whiter still the white cheek grow to which the blush was brought ;
And oh ! with mine commixing, I thy breath of life shall feel,
And clasp the shyly passive hands in joyous Highland reel ;
I shall hear, and see, and feel, and in sequence sadly true
Shall repeat the bitter-sweet of the lingering last adieu ;
I shall seem as now to leave thee with the kiss upon the brow,
And the fervent benediction of 'Ο θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ !

"Ah me, my Highland lassie ! though in winter drear and long
Deep arose the heavy snows, and the stormy winds were strong ;
Though the rain, in summer's brightest, it were raining every day,
With worldly comforts few and far, how glad were I to stay !
I fall to sleep with dreams of life in some black bothie spent,
Coarse poorth's ware thou changing there to gold of pure content,
With barefoot lads and lassies round, and thee the cheery wife,
In the braes of old Lochaber a laborious homely life ;
But I wake — to leave thee, smiling with the kiss upon the brow,
And the peaceful benediction of 'Ο θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ !"

ARTICLE III.

ENGLISH PARTIES ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The Edinburgh Review : The London Quarterly Review : The North British Review : The Times : Blackwood's Magazine — on American Affairs : Edinburgh and London, 1861-1862.

By parties we may interpret nations. In their authorized dicta the various principles which divide a people are brought to a focus ; and to them we may resort, as a standard by which

to ascertain the state of the public mind. The predominant party is, for the time being, a representative of the majority; and although they are not to be regarded as an exact criterion, we cannot reach, by a more certain method, the true popular idea. If, then, we would know the real opinion of the English community in reference to the present crisis in this country, we can hardly fail of arriving at a tolerably correct conception by ascertaining the positions the various parties take in their public emanations.

Whether we contemplate philosophy, science, or politics: whether we view communities or continents, we discover a natural and systematic grade of opinion extending throughout the social body. In England party lines are distinguished by a strong individuality. The maxims which have alternately governed, in that country, are historical, and derived from their ancient institutions. In the first place we find a class devoted to the precepts of antiquity, distrustful of innovation, and yielding reluctantly to irresistible reason in behalf of change; intent on preservation, and suspicious of the bold spirit of reform which the progress of intelligence calls into being. Then there is a moderate class, recognizing both the advantages of innovation and of prescription, respecting authority and yet open to the convictions of liberal reason. Still another party comprises those sanguine and hopeful spirits, who are morbidly progressive, bold in the assertion of theory, inclined to think all change as for the better, and quick to detect fallacies in inherited institutions.

The extremes of these different bodies are equally unreasonable, — the ultra conservatives being bigoted and timid, and the ultra reformers reckless and blind to the dictates of moderate reason. But it is gratifying to observe that the enthusiasts of either extreme are generally in a hopeless minority. Those who would sacrifice the spirit of progress to the authority of antiquity, and those who would reject the lessons of historical experience to achieve Utopian reforms, are equally distrusted; and a large majority of the conservatives are averse to absolute monarchy, while the mass of liberals are equally averse to anarchy.

The present conservative party of England comprises a majority of the nobility — spiritual and temporal — the church, the universities, and the landed gentry. They held the power in

the old days of regal ascendancy, and before the development of the popular influence. As broader views of the science of government have become recognized, their authority has been gradually diminishing.

They are the disciples of Pitt and Castlereagh, of Philpotts and Horsley. They carry the ideas of strong government and a political church to their last consequences. They are the supporters of high prerogative, and the doctrine of religious incapacities; and look with extreme jealousy upon the innovations which experiment and discovery, both in the art of governing and the deductions of a more exalted philosophy, have introduced. When the reform of 1832 was carried, it was under their vehement protest. The revolution of 1640 was, in their view a usurpation of the rabble, a blot upon history, a despotism of the mob power over legitimate sovereignty. The French Revolution was a spasmodic effort of the frenzied multitude to overturn the authority of law and order. Even the pacific assumption of the crown by the Prince of Orange savored too much of opposition to established power.

If we imagine the Tory party looking at our rebellion from the point of view dictated by such principles as these, we are at first struck with a seeming paradox. That the advocates of conservatism should be inclined to excuse a formidable and causeless disaffection, against an established, as well as beneficent government, clearly defiant of political order and stability, undertaken, not on account of oppression, but for a vain idea, sustained by domestic tyranny, and involving every symptom of treason, looks, to say the least, inconsistent. But when we go farther, and consider their prejudice as an hereditary one, their present position becomes entirely harmonious with their doctrines. A Tory king, abetted by a Tory ministry and parliament, introduced the oppressive measures, which finally drove the American colonies to seek their independence in revolution. The parliamentary debates, and periodicals of that and later periods, exhibit the great obstinacy of the king and his "friends," the rancor they bore toward our ancestors not only during, but subsequent to the Revolution, and the jealousy which their apologists have ever since borne toward our national progress. We see that their prejudice originated, ex-

actly conformably to their principles, in opposition to popular resistance. They have never ceased to regard the United States, in a degree, as the revolted colonies of great Britain. If their indifference to the rebellion were a theoretical, disinterested, and sincere approval of the rights of communities, we might well wonder ; but when they look upon it as revolution balanced against revolution, and the last as the less blamable, being a revolt from a revolted, instead of a loyal people, everything is clear. Our government began as an experiment, in the face of the received political doctrines throughout the civilized world ; we could not therefore expect from hostile systems that hearty coöperation, which sympathy of race and language might otherwise call forth. While the conservatives are not to be supposed in direct sympathy with the rebellion, they look with great complacency upon an internal war, arising from the very doctrines, as they conceive, which deprived England of her transatlantic colonies ; and which flatters the hope that the prosperity of a great rival democratic community will be subverted. It cannot afford much surprise that those political philosophers, who are bred and confirmed to think monarchy the only safeguard of the community, should view with pleasure the downfall of a system, heretofore refuting their cherished axioms ; and of a people, who preceded the formation of a free constitution by an act of rebellion.

This we conclude to be the sentiment of the conservative party, as viewing the question according to their own tests. But this party is, and has been for many years, in a decided minority. Their long dominion, which lasted from the beginning of the century till 1830, has been followed by a decided preponderance, both of crown and people, against them down to the present time. We cannot therefore accept "Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" as the exponents of British public sentiment, but only as the representatives of a minority party.

We will next consider the political sect, of which Messrs. Bright and Cobden are the leading spirits. They comprise that class who have adopted the precepts of Sydney and Milton, and who are advocates of universal suffrage, the separation of church and state, free trade, and social equality. They look to us as

exemplars of the policy which they are rather inclined to introduce into their own country. From our experience they derive a practical illustration of the efficacy of their principles. They are zealots who are certainly premature in attempting so radical a reform in the spirit as well as letter of their ancient constitution. They are about as far in advance, as the ultra-conservatives are behind, the prudent convictions of the masses. The tendency is toward them, but their ideas must be gradually infused, and carried out by degrees. At present they cannot claim to represent the popular mind.

This party is deeply interested in the perpetuity of American institutions. In their failure, they foresee the death-blow to their most cherished schemes for the regeneration of the British empire. If the great idea, that the people are the true and the only source of legitimate authority, and that it is by elevating them to a superiority over both crown and oligarchy, that the true basis of society is preserved; if this idea should meet a signal refutation, in the failure of a people, who have adopted it under the most favorable auspices, both as to external advantages and the genius of the nation; this event cannot but recoil with fatal force upon those who are struggling to sustain this great principle against the time-honored monarchies of Europe. From our example they have derived all the encouragement they have hitherto received, that they might achieve ultimate success. They have gained, step by step, reforms in the ancient constitution, by apt comparisons they have been able to make between American and British civilization. By showing that universal suffrage in this country was attended by none of those excesses of the mob-power which monarchists claim as the legitimate offspring of republicanism; by demonstrating that the levelling of ranks stimulated the whole mass of the people to exertion and emulation; by proving that under our generous commercial system the trade of our ports was swelling already beyond that of Liverpool and London; by noticing the ease with which taxes were borne, the cheapness of an executive, free from the expenses attendant upon the state and ceremony of a regal court, the encouragements of an unrestrained agriculture, and the equal and effective administration of power, they have occasionally drawn on the British com-

munity not only to entertain, but to put in practice, the more moderate articles of their faith.

When they have turned from the disheartening failures which have, until a recent period, marked the efforts of free politics on the continent; when the abrupt and convulsive struggles of the French to incorporate popular institutions have resulted in the establishment of a rigid despotism, and lesser nations have arisen to independence only to sink lower in political degradation; when the attempts to subvert the dynasties of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons have only availed to confirm and strengthen their dominion over Germany and Italy, they have always reverted with triumphant satisfaction to the example of America. Other reverses, they said, have proceeded from intellectual incapacity; the sloth of the Italian, the stolidity of the German, the fickleness of the French, were ill adapted to sustain an experiment, reasonable indeed, and capable of success, but demanding consistency, energy, perseverance, and a high degree of enlightenment. America had at length withstood the ordeal. It was for the Anglican race, that race which had already framed the most enlightened of constitutions, to proceed still farther, and follow out later and greater consequences of those ideas which had become distinctively their own. It was for a new continent, disenthralled from the listlessness which marked the advancement of political science in the Old World, to rear an enduring fabric, composed of new materials, but partaking of the spirit which had already been manifested in an imperfect degree, in the construction of the British constitution. We were a kindred race, inheriting the same spirited aspirations for liberty, and the same determination of purpose, with their own countrymen; and we had been exemplars of the same results, achieved by the same ideas, which they earnestly recommended to Englishmen as a security for stability and progress. In our ruin, then, they see a certain destruction of the theories which at present give them some importance in Europe; they must, in that event, forego the attainment of the great purposes of their political efforts, and the reaction must settle Great Britain and the Continent still more firmly under the dominion of the systems bequeathed by the bigotry of the dark ages.

It is easy to conjecture, that this party cling with zeal to the hope, that our Constitution may survive the trial through which it is now passing. They insist, in opposition to the conviction which has seized upon many English statesmen, that the Union is not yet destroyed, and that its permanency has not been subverted by the events which have passed into history. While the conservatives have been claiming that there is no Union, and trying to force themselves, or at least others, into a belief that anarchy had already begun its dread reign among us, the radicals reasoned with more potent logic, that while the issue is yet undecided, victory can be awarded neither to the government nor the rebellion ; and that as every nation has to experience convulsions which test its efficiency, so the United States is now contesting their first great calamity, and until rebellion is successful or conquered, no conclusions derogatory to our national security can be drawn.

But neither party which we have been discussing can be regarded as the recognized exponents of the public feeling in England. As Lord Macaulay has forcibly observed, "Between them has always been a great mass, which has not steadfastly adhered to either, which has sometimes remained inertly neutral, and has sometimes oscillated to and fro. That mass has more than once passed in a few years, from one extreme to the other, and back again. Sometimes it has changed sides, merely because it was tired of supporting the same men, sometimes because it was dismayed at its own excesses, sometimes because it had expected impossibilities and had been disappointed. But whenever it has leaned its whole weight in either direction, resistance has for the time been impossible."

The mass of the community think about half way between the two extremes ; Tory policy to-day was Whig policy a century ago ; and, as all parties have imperceptibly advanced, the Whigs have kept the lead, the masses have followed at some distance, and the Tories have been drawn on reluctantly after, all the while holding back, and yet irresistibly impelled forward by the spirit of the age.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century William the Third was seated on the throne, and his original allies, the Whigs, held the reins of power. Through a greater part of

the reigns of Queen Anne and the first two sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, this party continued dominant under the premierships of Walpole, Newcastle, Pelham, and Chatham. The opposition consisted of the old nonjuring clergy, and those malcontents who opposed the Protestant succession and the measures of Pitt. The first English-born king of the Brunswick line mounted the throne in the person of George the Third, in 1760 ; and that event was the signal for the downfall of Whig power and the installment of Lord Bute, a bitter Scotch Tory, as first Commissioner of the Treasury.

Excepting the brief ministries of Lords Rockingham, Shelburne, and Grenville, the Tories monopolized the control of the government from Lord North's assumption of power until the downfall of the Duke of Wellington, in 1830. The Whigs, during this long and very eventful period, remained in a decided, and not unfrequently, in a hopeless minority. The nation seemed fully persuaded that the conservative doctrines which had been so ably and forcibly sustained by the younger Pitt, during his brilliant career in the lower House, and which had received a seeming confirmation in the results which followed from the French Revolution, were the only security for the British Constitution. But a long monopoly of power cannot but gradually corrupt and weaken the party enjoying it. Confident of success, and certain to retain the sanction of the nation, they become arrogant, grasping, and unruly. This cause was added to the light which was gradually let in upon the national mind, the rapid growth of education, and the rise of a new and intellectually powerful sect of political philosophers. After clinging with desperate zeal to power, the influence of the high Tories was finally dissipated in 1830, when the great chief of the Reform party, Earl Grey, made a triumphant entry into the Treasury, and gathered about him such men as Brougham, Durham, Campbell, and Russell. From this time the tide turned decidedly in favor of the Whigs. Although Lord Grey was found to be rather in advance of his time, and was, after a four years' ministry, constrained to give place to the more moderate Liberals under Lord Melbourne, the tendency from that period to the present has been toward the Whigs and away from the Conservatives. Sir Robert Peel, indeed, held the power five

years, but even he was obliged to bend to the popular voice, and in spite of all his former political proclivities, only saved himself by adopting the great principle of free trade, which was a vital article in the creed of his opponents.

For the past fifteen years the British government has been in the hands of the Tories but two years, and in the hands of the Whigs thirteen years.

We may then conclude that the party now holding the reins of government, is, in a degree, the true representative of the general opinion of the British public. They derive their main support from those districts which are commercial, and which act as a check upon the selfishness and exclusiveness of the landed gentry; the seaport towns; the manufacturing interest, consisting of the cities of York, Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, and others of less enterprise; a large minority of the nobility, headed by the illustrious houses of Norfolk, Bedford, and Devonshire, who, if they do not predominate in numbers, comprise at least the wealthiest portion of the Peers; a majority of the Scotch and Irish influence; the Protestant non-conformists, and Catholics; the lower orders of society, and those independent speculists who have grown, to a great extent, important within the past fifty years.

Since the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, the progress toward a popular improvement of the ancient constitution is decidedly visible in the gradual strides these interests have made over those before enumerated. As the eyes of theorists and statesmen have been opened by political experience, ideas before unknown or unrecognized, have gained ground, and become established as reasonable principles. In this change, a tendency, although unconsciously introduced, toward republicanism, may be discerned. The power of the sovereign and the aristocracy has sensibly been diminished, and the people have attained a new scope of authority, so that the balance bends rather toward them than otherwise.

The old narrow principles, which a selfish exclusion to the landed interest had established by the long sanction of time, have been wonderfully modified by the growth of trade and manufacture, the adoption of free trade policy, and a higher regard for the comity due between nations. An hundred years ago the land-owners were almost irresistible. Commerce was

restricted to the interest of the great feudal proprietors. Now the great cities exercise an influence in national policy, which, if it does not control, at all events counteracts the receding claims of agriculture.

The British empire is not, then, as we would infer from the emanations of conservative authorities, a stagnant system. Deep-rooted as their constitution is claimed to be, it is not impervious to the impressions of a national spirit distinctively progressive. The efforts of the antiquated and neglected politicians who moan dismally from the pages of "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly," and who are continually wringing their hands, after the fashion of old men in their dotage, over the degeneracy of the age, cannot stem the tide which sweeps over the rotten hulks of systems swiftly sinking before a more vital and vigorous force.

The more reasonable tenets which are now recognized, cannot but convince the English people that the acts of their ancestors in oppressing the American colonies were unjustifiable, and contrary to the rights of an intelligent race. Looking upon those acts with their present light, they must admit, that, if the course of the colonies was not in accordance with justice, there was at least some excuse for achieving, by violence and rebellion, what they could not obtain by appeal and submission. They must reason that an energetic people, impelled by a bold spirit, and the principles of self-preservation, were not culpable in disregarding abstract maxims, to maintain a right founded in the very ideas which lay at the base of the British structure.

Approving, then, of the principles which gave birth to the Revolution, we should imagine that they would regard us rather as the descendants of a common ancestry with themselves, inheriting a common tongue, ruled for centuries by a common dynasty, and participants of a kindred civilization, than as a rival and hostile polity. They should see in our prosperity a reflection of the virtues they themselves possess. They should look upon the high rank we have attained in the estimation of nations, as the natural result of the same characteristics they boast in common with us. And although they are not yet cordial sympathizers with the form of government under which we have hitherto been successful, they should incline rather to that

form than to the old dynasties, which have yet to be eradicated from the Continent. Their tendency should seem to be toward us, and away from their sister nations across the Channel.

The tone which has recently been adopted by several leaders of the ruling party would seem to indicate a regret at the prospect of a dissolution of the Union, and a desire to see our institutions perpetuated. The instructions of the Foreign Secretary, Earl Russell; the incidental remarks of Viscount Palmerston, the Premier; the speeches of the Duke of Argyle, the Privy Seal; and the various proclamations of the Queen, do not sound inimical, if they may not be deemed positively favorable, to the government. Attempts, either to break the blockade, or to assist the rebels, do not seem to be encouraged by the ministry, though Tory journals sometimes manifest contempt for the former and a disposition to favor the latter. Nevertheless, whatever favorable expressions have fallen from the lips of those in authority, they display the greatest caution and ambiguity, and leave open an opportunity for prevarication, if such a course should become expedient. Lords Palmerston and Russell are notorious for their cunning and trickery; and we cannot place much confidence in the amiable assurances of a Secretary who could, in the short space of two months, explicitly denounce, and then turn round and as explicitly encourage, the designs of Sardinia on Venetia, in an official despatch and in the face of all Europe. Neither of these noble lords have so spotless a record but that their professions must be looked upon with extreme suspicion; and the force of popular odium, and a keen eye to British aggrandizement, must surmount all civilities and empty compliments.

But there is a great moving principle, which transcends all party distinction, all philanthropic theories, and all generous comity in the eye of the British public. Their history throughout is one consistent record of the fidelity with which they have clung to it. No age has displayed a majority whose reason has not been perverted by, and whose conscience has prevailed over a sacrifice to, this great principle. The moment that it enters into the national policy, Tory and Whig, Republican and Monarchist, Dissenter and Churchman, unite on common ground. Party issues are thrown aside, old prejudices

forgotten, fraternal coalitions cemented, when this magnetic influence acts upon the body politic. And this influence is the ascendancy of Great Britain over continents, on land, on sea, in wealth, in power, in the accumulative splendor of a nation determined to be the first, at all hazards and by every means.

It was for this selfish principle, not only of acquiring for herself, but of preventing the acquisition by others, and a determination to undermine a prospective or present rival, that the British government has been fighting continually for centuries. The seeming inconsistencies in her history, when tested by this standard, reduce themselves to entire harmony and method. When we see her at one time sustaining despotism, at another encouraging a nation struggling for freedom; when sometimes she has joined with other powers to demolish dynasties, and sometimes to reconstruct empires, we cannot attribute a consistent and disinterested motive which can reconcile her capricious policy in Continental politics.

In the great conflicts which resulted from the rivalry of Francis the First and the Emperor Charles, in the sixteenth century, King Henry the Eighth allied himself with each in turn with wonderful rapidity, as he saw an undue preponderance of one or the other in national vigor. Elizabeth, than whom a more crafty sovereign, or a more devoted guardian of British greatness never lived, followed vigorously the policy inaugurated by her father, in the affairs of the Low Countries. The imbecility of the governments of the last two Stuart kings, indeed, (in whose reigns British importance sunk to a second-rate power, and the nation was little better than a subject province of France,) prevented that energetic spirit of aggrandizement from controlling the policy of Europe. During the wars of Marlborough, of the Spanish Succession, and of Frederick the Second, we find England still watchful and jealous. When the Emperor Napoleon threatened to surpass the glory of England, by erecting a splendid national fabric from the ruins of Bourbon tyranny, the same envious and crafty policy embroiled all Europe in a devastating and protracted conflict. In more modern times, retaining the selfish maxims which were adopted by her sovereigns in periods when civilization had not revealed the fact, that in the common prosperity

the individual prospers, Great Britain has allied herself with a rude and unchristian nation, to restrain the influence of the Russians on the Black Sea ; she has been vacillating in her policy during the Italian wars ; and she has watched with the greatest caution and dislike, the vigor and enterprise which has marked the government of the present Napoleon. In fact, this narrow and selfish disposition has so impressed itself upon the British character, that all nations look with suspicion upon every move of her diplomacy. The despatches of her Foreign Secretaries and diplomatists are notorious for their ambiguity, their subtlety, and the capacity they always have to bear a double construction. They bear the highest evidence, that those from whom they emanate, practice on principle the maxim of Talleyrand, that language is given us to conceal our thoughts.

The welfare of peoples, of dynasties, of principles, of constitutions, must yield to this omnipotent policy. The balance of power must be preserved at the expense, if need be, of civilization, of art and science, of commerce and martial enterprise.

Powerful polities must be humbled, great princes restrained, and national growth warped, to subserve the glory, wealth, and power of Great Britain. No one imagines that, as is contended by a few, incompatibility of temper and difference of character have produced long and violent wars between the neighboring kingdoms of western Europe. When we consider that France has been not only the nearest, but also the most formidable rival of Great Britain, and that the latter has been forced to see, under her very eyes, a people boldly contesting with her the enviable rank of the first European power, the pioneer of civilization, and the arbiter between nations, we need not wonder why the splendid governments of the Napoleons have been regarded with jealousy and distrust from the other side of the Channel.

We cannot hope that this propensity, which is so distinctly national, and which stands as a paramount consideration in her foreign policy, will yield to any interest the English may have in our prosperity either by the ties of kindred, our exemplification of liberal theories, or former confidence and mutual goodwill. Those who see in our downfall the interest of Great Britain, either monetary, maritime, or political, will not, if we

may judge from the whole course of history, hesitate at the scruples of conscience, or the inconsistency of belying former assurances of friendship. We cannot but contemplate with gratitude the good-will of those disinterested spirits, (who we are sorry to reckon as a small minority,) who, rising above national selfishness, and boldly announcing their noble principles, indignantly denounce the American rebellion, and all who, on the other side of the Atlantic, would countenance the disruption of the Union. Such men are not wanting, even among the wealthiest and most powerful noblemen. No one can read the spirited addresses of the Duke of Argyle, (than whom a more ingenuous, energetic, and popular nobleman does not exist,) in which he deprecates with sincere and heartfelt regret, the present calamities of the United States, without admiring the independence and candor with which he rebukes the selfish spirit of less disinterested statesmen. The same feeling, we would hope, from their previous course, exists in the breasts of such men as the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Hatherton, and Lord Brougham. Those philanthropists, who have hitherto regarded slavery as the great blot upon American character, and who are not impelled by meaner motives to hope for our ruin, ought to look upon the present struggle as one in which if not the total disappearance, at least the restriction and ultimate extinction of that institution, might take place. They could not encourage the erection of a powerful confederacy, whose cornerstone was to be slavery, and whose professed object it would be to perpetuate and extend it. Every innate motive which prompts them to abhor and denounce it, should lead to a disgust of those who foster and cling to it. They have employed their rhetoric hitherto in tirades against the inhumanity of the South for maintaining, and the assumed pusillanimity of the North for permitting, the existence of slavery. Certainly, these men ought naturally to be found on the anti-slavery side. Some of them have been disinterested enough to declare in favor of the maintenance of the Union, others have been silent, and yet others have found sophistries enough to evade this issue, and have looked with apparent pleasure on a prospect which we are happy to say looks now very remote, and never likely to be realized, that this popular Empire will be divided into fragments.

Then comes in the cotton interest to mould opinion in England. While such men as Cobden and Bright are fearlessly sustaining the cause of the Union, the great cities of Manchester and Birmingham are loudly grumbling, in the fear that material for manufacture will fail them. Here comes the John Bull spirit again, with all its essence ; and while under ordinary circumstances, and in accordance with avowed principles, plainly indicated by the election of radical Whig members of parliament, these interests would zealously favor the entirety of our nation, the great power of self-interest chokes up every nobler sentiment, and we can hardly look for their countenance in the present crisis.

From this cursory survey of the different views in which Englishmen look upon the war now waging among us, we may gather the conclusion, that it is not for the preservation of the American Union alone that we are now sending forth our hundreds of thousands to occupy the fields of Virginia and the ports of the Carolinas ; but that the civilized world is intensely interested in the issue. It is, and should be, our first aim to re-establish, on an impregnable basis, the authority of the Constitution throughout the length and breadth of the land. We should make it our paramount endeavor to restore the country to a state of equal and even greater security than we formerly possessed. We should leave no effort wanting to maintain a vivid and successful exercise of the machinery of government ; and to give malecontents an efficacious warning against further attempts to subvert the integrity of the Union. But while stimulated by an active patriotism ; while urged on by a contemplation of the certain ruin which must ensue from failure ; while emptying our coffers, sending forth our best blood, and responding with zeal to every call of those in authority ; while aroused by the deep insults offered to our flag and the memory of our fathers, to a spirit of vengeance against such astonishing ingratitude, we should also be incited to more arduous trials and exertions by the reflection that the fate of millions of fellow-creatures in distant lands hangs upon the fidelity with which we maintain the great principles which have hitherto been the darling hope of the oppressed of all nations. It is not merely due to our own highest interests that we should uphold an

illustrious example of the capacity of man to govern himself, but it is no less due to the liberal spirit which we see awakening throughout Europe, which has already alienated the fair land of Virgil and Terence from the dominion of the Hapsburg line, which threatens, ere many years have been completed, to eradicate that dynasty altogether, and which, if sustained by the glorious maintenance of the greatest of free polities, must finally level feudal thrones and temporal churches in its resistless course. Let us not, then, confine our view to our own self-interest in the present war, but, expanding it, embrace within its comprehension, those earnest and hopeful millions whose fate is fixed by our fate, and whose hopeless depression or joyful disenfranchisement hangs upon the success or failure of the American rebellion. To this end, inconceivably grand, let us devote our utmost energies, and never lose sight of the awful stake involved in the issue.

ARTICLE IV.

JOHN CALVIN.

To present in clear colors a true picture of such a man as Calvin, making evident to all both the grandeur and the deficiencies of his character, must be the work of one who stands, in some respects, on a level with him he describes. Or rather, occupying some yet loftier and more central post of observation, he should be entitled, from wider views and more perfect insight, to criticize and to judge. Such a picture we have yet to look for. They meantime who would form for themselves a better acquaintance with this true hero of the sixteenth century, must seek a gradual familiarity in such memorials of his life as remain to us, taken always in connection with the circumstances of his time, in his writings, and especially in his letters, those faithful records of the moment, which often reveal so much more of a man's heart and temper than the labored productions intended for the public eye.

Every age has an atmosphere of its own, in which the glories of the past often pale and expire, or else shine with an exaggerated splendor which by no means belongs to them. It is only the few, who, endowed with keener insight, rendering themselves, by the power of thought and imagination, independent of the fashion of the hour, yet availing themselves of that added light of experience which is not the product of the present only, but of the present joined with the past, can judge the great men of former times, as they could not have been judged by their contemporaries. There are some, indeed, whose characters seem to baffle even such scrutiny, on whose true motives the world will never come to a perfect decision ; and there are some of whom the world, as such, can never form the right estimate, the principles of whose action are lifted so high above its ken, that its verdicts are worth nothing to us in determining what we should think of them, or on what grounds we should afford them blame or praise. Let us remember these things as we endeavor to form for ourselves some notion of this great Reformer, this bold vindicator of the truth of God against the madness of men ; and if at times he went farther in his zeal than the spirit of Christianity would warrant, let us not forget the ages of darkness that preceded him, nor wonder that neither he nor the noblest and best among those who were his contemporaries, could mount upward at once to a full perception of the glorious liberty of the gospel of Christ.

The object of the present sketch will be merely to offer a brief outline of the life of Calvin ; dwelling a little on some of its more important epochs, and to display, as nearly as possible in their true aspect, some of his views of morals and of doctrine, especially in regard to certain points on which his opinions are particularly liable to be misunderstood.

John Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in the year 1509. His father was a notary of the ecclesiastical court of that town, and secretary to the bishop. His parents were in good circumstances, and able to afford their son advantages of education and culture such as few of the Reformers enjoyed. Both remained Catholics to the day of their death. His mother especially was characterized by an earnest piety. She had been taught, it is said, to pray under the open sky. No doubt the

early maturity of her son's moral and religious character may be traced in great measure to her influence.

After having received the rudiments of education at the College des Capettes in his native town, he was sent, at the age of fourteen, to the High School of Paris. Already, when he was not yet twelve years old, his father, who intended him for the church, had procured for him a chaplaincy in the Cathedral Church of Noyon, to which was afterward added the living of Marteville. When Calvin in the Institutes rebukes the Romish practice of intrusting sacred offices to the hands of children, he speaks not without experience of his own. Perhaps it was a sense of responsibility thus imposed upon him that made him, even in these boyish years, a reprover of the faults of his young companions, to whom his superiority, not only in regard to moral principle, but also in mental power and facility of acquisition, already made itself evident; a superiority which kept him in advance of his fellows through his whole career as a student.

Paris was at this time a place in which other things beside Latin were to be learned. The Reformation was there making great advances, not only among the poor and ignorant, but also among the rich and powerful. Some of Calvin's associates had accepted its principles. But the whole atmosphere of the time was such, that a mind like his, in the main so noble and sincere, so capable of making acute distinctions, and already inclined to a stern and uncompromising morality, could not fail of being drawn, as by natural affinity, toward the purer and simpler doctrines now beginning to be preached. But he himself speaks of an inward struggle, and a sudden change that was more than a change of opinion; and when he afterward discourses of faith and repentance, it is as one who has himself tasted those experiences more deeply than men ordinarily do.

It may have been in connection with this change in his son's feelings and views that Calvin's father altered his plans with regard to him, and sent him to Orleans, there to engage in the study of law. Thence he afterwards proceeded to Bourges, where was, at that time, the most famous law-school in France. But he still devoted his best hours to theology; and when now a great interest in the gospel was awakened in both these cities, he was accustomed to speak in its behalf with great earnestness

and effect. He also preached in several of the castles in the surrounding district. Evidently his own wishes still held him to that earlier calling which he had given up only at the desire of his father, and on the death of the latter, which occurred probably before Calvin had yet finished his studies, no longer hindered by a feeling of filial obligation, he left Bourges and came to Paris, intending to devote himself wholly to the spread of the gospel. Here he preached for a little while with much success, and in 1532 made his first essay in publication by editing "*Seneca de Clementia*," with a commentary of his own, hoping, it would seem, in this indirect way to approach the conscience of the king, whose conversion was with him, as with other reformers, a favorite project. The king's greatly beloved and illustrious sister, Margaret, was already counted of their number; and it was not thought vain to hope that Francis, whose character was not yet fully known, might yield himself to the truth if it was once clearly brought before him. His next experiment was a more dangerous one. Cop, the newly-elected rector of the Sorbonne, had to deliver an oration on All Saints' day, according to the custom. This oration Calvin undertook to supply. But in it the doctrine of justification by faith, and the authority of Scripture, were maintained in a manner not to be tolerated by that jealous and conservative body. Calvin, who became suspected as the author, was obliged to flee. Having first disposed of his chaplaincy and living at Noyon, he took refuge in Saintonge, and afterwards at Nerac, the residence of Queen Margaret. Still later we find him at Angouleme with his friend Du Tillet. It is here that he is supposed to have prepared the first sketch of his "*Institutes*." A certain vineyard in this neighborhood was long known as "*Calvin's Vineyard*."

But in 1533, he ventured back to Paris, where the next year he received a challenge from Servetus, who appointed a day and hour to meet him in disputation, but failed to appear at the time agreed upon. About this time the intemperate zeal of certain reformers so inflamed the anger of Francis, that he began to take a more decided stand against the new doctrines, inaugurating the change by a solemn public procession, in which he, with his three children, walked barefoot, and by the horrible

torture and martyrdom of about four-and-twenty persons convicted of Lutheranism.

Calvin now once more took leave of Paris, and in company with his friend Du Tillet, set out for Basle. It was here that, having first sent forth a certain work entitled "*Psychopannychia*," directed against the Anabaptists, who were about this time dispersed from Munster, he finished and published his first edition of the "*Institutes*," with its famous Introduction addressed to Francis First. On this, his greatest and best known work, his reputation as a theologian will ever most securely rest. Though he was not yet twenty-six years of age, the opinions expressed by him at this time never suffered any essential alteration. "He never had occasion," says Scaliger, "to recant, which, considering how much he wrote, is a subject for admiration. I leave you to judge whether he was not a great man." This first edition, however, seems to have been little more than an outline compared with the full and systematic work we now have. He himself thus alludes to the many revisions and alterations it afterward underwent :

"Quos animus fuerat tenui excusare libello,
Discendi studio, magnum fecere volumen."

Whether it first appeared in Latin or in French seems not quite certain, but a French version was very early prepared by him. Of this, or some later one that proceeded from his hand, Michelet characteristically expresses himself in terms of high admiration. "If the act," he says, "was bold, the form was not less so. It was a language unheard of—the new French language. Twenty years after Comines, thirty years before Montaigne, already the language of Rousseau." "Its most formidable attribute is its penetrating clearness, its extreme luminousness—that of silver, rather of steel—of a blade that shines, but that cuts."

It has been regretted that Calvin did not seriously undertake a translation of the Bible. No better one exists in the French language, it is said, than that made by his relation, Olivetan, and revised by himself. No doubt this circumstance has greatly retarded the spread of evangelical religion among the French people. But perhaps Calvin lacked in too great a degree a

certain poetical or imaginative element, which seems essential to the perfect translator. Without this, the logical form may indeed be preserved, but the life, the soul, is wanting. A comparison of different translations of the Bible, and of their relative truthfulness and success, will best illustrate what is meant. Our own incomparable translation, and even that of Luther, need scarce be pointed to as bearing witness of this truth.

Now Calvin betakes himself to Italy, there to visit the court of the Duchess of Ferrara, a woman of a noble and constant spirit, that led her to adhere to the Reformation through every trial of her faith, and whose fine personal character and highly cultivated intellect gave her an influence not to be despised. But we have no particulars of his stay, and circumstances seem to have soon compelled his return. The death of his eldest brother occurring about this time, he went back to Noyon to settle up the family estate, and then quitted France forever.

On his return to Basle, he was obliged to take a circuitous route through Geneva. There he took up his abode for the night, as he thought, and there the fiery and impetuous Farel, who had already inaugurated that strange transformation which was destined so soon to swallow up the lively and dissipated city, found him out where he lodged with the minister Viret, and, having tried persuasion in vain, changed his tone to that of authority, and in words that struck Calvin dumb with awe, commanded him to remain. "I declare to you," he said, "in the name of the Almighty God, to you who only put forth your studies as a pretence, that if you do not help us to carry on this work of God, the curse of God will rest upon you, for you will be seeking your own honor rather than that of Christ."

"As I was kept in Geneva," says Calvin, in his preface to the Psalms, "not properly by any express exhortation or request, but rather by the terrible threatenings of William Farel, which were as if God had seized me by his awful hand from heaven, so was I compelled by the terror thus inspired to give up the plan of my journey, but yet without pledging myself, for I was conscious of my timidity and weakness, to undertake any definite office." Words and actions more characteristic of the two men could hardly be chosen.

Geneva, from its situation — a thoroughfare of nations subject

to all kinds of influences from without, and from the light and thoughtless character of her inhabitants, easily yielding herself to all—was at the beginning of the Reformation not merely a gay and frivolous city, but given up to all manner of profligacy and vice. It was partly through political motives, partly through indignation at the character of the bishop, who had also the administration of her temporal affairs, partly the influence of bold and zealous preachers, but especially of the fearless Farel, which decided her in favor of the Reformation. Her citizens, however, were far from foreseeing all the consequences which this step implied. In order to understand what followed, we must remember that the adoption of the new religion was a state affair, that all the privileges of church membership were claimed by every citizen. No wonder that Calvin trembled at entering upon so vast a labor as the purification of this immense and fearfully corrupt church.

It was partly for the use of the new community, and partly that the doctrinal position of its teachers might be clearly known to other churches, that Calvin soon after his arrival prepared a catechism, or rather a *Manual of Faith*, to which was appended a Confession drawn up by Farel. This Confession formed the basis of the new order of things now to be established. With the acquiescence of the council, the citizens were summoned by tens and swore to its adoption, and the civil rights of those who refused were thereby forfeited.

Thus was the spirit of the Jewish Theocracy, which had been transmitted through the Catholic Church, received here, as elsewhere, into the bosom of the Reformation. The same principle, in some form, still prevails in nearly all the states of Europe, though in this country it has at last been entirely cast aside. Even our Puritan fathers brought it with them from the scene of their persecution. The freedom they sought was a freedom for that only which seemed to them right, and they excluded from its participation those who, not being able to endure that yoke to which they willingly subjected themselves, imperilled at the same time their enjoyment of those privileges which they had so dearly purchased. But such is not the true Christian idea, nor could its opposite be more clearly expressed than in the words of Christ, replying to the suspicions of Pilate,

"My kingdom is not of this world." Strange that this principle has been so slowly apprehended by the Christian consciousness; yet, on the other hand, he must be blind indeed who does not see how naturally the other arose in the attempt to solve the great problem of the church's outward constitution. The discussion of this question is not, however, suited to the limits of the present article.

The Genevese soon began to repine at the severity of the rules which had been drawn up by Farel for the regulation of their social morality. The adherence to them implied a revolution of manners far greater than any merely political revolution, and it was impossible that such a change should take place without the most formidable and obstinate resistance. The first serious trouble, however, arose from certain Anabaptists who attempted to take advantage of this discontent, and introduce themselves to notice and influence; but failing to maintain their ground in a public disputation held with Calvin and Farel in the presence of the council and a numerous audience, they were ordered to retract, and refusing to do so were banished.

The next difficulty sprang from the restless temper of Caroli, a vain and ambitious man who afterward vacillated between Protestantism and Romanism according to the interests of the moment. He ventured to attack the orthodoxy of the three teachers, Calvin, Viret, and Farel, accusing them before the Council of Berne of Arianism. Though the ministers refused to subscribe at his requisition the Nicene and Athanasian creeds—not, apparently, because they could not do so with honesty, but because they did not recognize any authority in Caroli to compel them—the affair ended in their own complete acquittal before two synods which were successively convened to inquire into the matter, and in the disgrace of Caroli, who, to avoid being exposed by others, voluntarily confessed some of his past misdeeds and crimes, not, however, to the full extent of his guilt. The kindness afterward shown to this man, even by those whom he had thus endeavored to injure, was very great. Calvin soon after expresses his regret that they had hesitated to subscribe the creeds; "for," says he, in a letter to Farel, "it was certainly somewhat discreditable that we should have rejected those documents, which, since they have been received

by the approving judgment of the whole church, ought to be considered as beyond controversy."

Calvin, Viret, and Farel, though afterward separated in the scenes of their ministry, continued to be intimately associated with each other, both in labors and in affection, throughout their lives. Beza, who knew them all, thus speaks of their friendship: "It was indeed a most delightful spectacle, these three men so illustrious in the church of God, joining together with such consent in the divine work. Farel excelled in a certain greatness of spirit; his thunders no one could hear without trembling, nor could any listen to his ardent prayers without being lifted up almost into heaven itself. Viret so excelled in sweetness of eloquence that his auditors could not but hang upon his lips. Calvin filled the mind of his hearers with weighty thoughts, as many as the words he uttered; so that it has often occurred to me that he would be in some degree a perfect pastor who should be combined of all these three."

The troubles at Geneva rapidly increased. Though Popery was expelled, the licentious vices which had thriven so long unchecked under its dominion still continued to flourish. Private enmities, which had arisen during the war with Savoy, were still cherished, and the admonitions and corrections now administered only seemed to exasperate the evil. Finally a faction was distinctly formed, in opposition to the new order of things, to which many utterly refused to submit; and matters went so far, that Calvin and Farel at last declared that they could not celebrate the Lord's Supper in a community where such discord prevailed, and among citizens who would not submit themselves to any kind of ecclesiastical discipline. Another occasion of difficulty arose about this time. Among its outward regulations the church of Geneva had determined upon the use of common bread in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It rejected the use of the baptistery or stone font as necessary in baptism, and had also abolished all festival days except Sunday. But the church of Berne had decided differently on these points; and, having obtained the acquiescence of Lausanne, now desired Geneva to accede to their practice, that the churches might preserve as much uniformity as possible, not in their belief only, but also in their external rules. To

this proposition Calvin and his associates would not consent, though afterward, when the use of unleavened bread had been adopted in their absence, they were silent with regard to it, thinking it by no means a matter worthy of contention. Their present refusal, however, was displeasing to many of the people; and the Libertine party, as it was called, gathering strength from this circumstance, seem to have succeeded in electing the yearly syndics of their own party. The latter called an assembly of the people, who passed a decree banishing Calvin, Farel, and Conrad, an aged and blind, but intrepid and zealous preacher whom they had brought with them from Paris. When Calvin heard this news, "Certainly," he replied, "if I had been serving men, an ill reward had been paid me; but it is well that I have been obedient to Him who never fails to give his servants what he has once promised."

Thus closes Calvin's first experience in Geneva. It extended over a period of about a year and a half of conflict, and, entered on with reluctance, was afterwards looked back upon with terror. Had he never returned thither, not only would the future history of Geneva, and through her of the whole Reformed church, have been different, but the character of Calvin himself would doubtless have been essentially modified. The events that followed this change must be reserved for a succeeding article.

ARTICLE V.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

SATAN was no visionary being to the Saviour. He had the most vivid faith in his personal presence. His language in speaking of him, subsequently, has a lifelike reality and visibility. "Get thee behind me, Satan," he said to Peter; as though Satan still stood before him, a terrible remembrance. "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." It is fair to infer that this graphic force of expression is attribu-

table, in part at least, to a previous sensible contact with the tempter. We are glad that a writer so learned and reverent as Ellicott declares his conviction of the outward nature of the temptation, of the presence of the Evil One, real and external, to our Lord, to be as strong as that of his own existence.

That the temptation of our Lord is to be understood literally and objectively, that there was an actual appearance of the tempter, we argue from the harmony of this view with the incarnation of Jesus. The fact of the appearance of Satan is in entire keeping with the bodily appearance of the Son of God. They are both spirits standing out before us. Not both incarnate spirits; for the appearance of Satan was not an incarnation, but rather like the occasional temporary assumption of the human form by Christ, before he came in the flesh, and took into indissoluble union with himself the human nature. Again, the appearance of Satan accords with the appearance of angels in the Old Testament history. They assumed the shape of men — why not the angel of the bottomless pit? At this very temptation the angels of God were present. They came and ministered unto Christ, at the close — brought him food, doubtless — that word, “ministered,” is such a human word. The angel appeared to Zacharias. He announced his birth to Mary. The hosts of them sung to the shepherds over the plains of Judea. They appeared at his resurrection, in human shape, like two young men, and again at his ascension, as two men; and there is every reason to believe that they thus appeared in the temptation; and why not Satan appear as well as they? Why should not Satan come to him in the manner in which all other spirits come to him? All appearances to him, all approaches to him, by the inhabitants of the other world, were in bodily shape. Moses and Elias, two men in glory, appeared and talked with him in the transfiguration.

This view accords best with the record. It is the most obvious and natural way in which to regard the account — the first impression it makes on the reader. “The tempter came to him, and said” — spoke articulate words, *pointed* to the stones, “*these*” particular stones. Christ answered him and spoke — quoted a passage of Scripture. “The devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.”

There are just as conclusive reasons for believing this to be all actual, as there are to believe that the scene on the mount of transfiguration was actual. There is no more reason to believe that the temptation was a dream, or a vision, or was subjective in Christ's thought only, than there is to believe this of the transfiguration. The temptation partakes of the substantial reality of all the other great events of Christ's life.

It could not have been a struggle within Christ's soul. There was no place for such a struggle in his holy nature. It could not be that Satan attempted to approach him unconsciously; for Christ anticipated, and prepared to meet some such encounter. Why should he be impelled by the Spirit, and driven into the wilderness, if the temptation were subjective, or a vision? Moreover, the analogy of the first temptation forbids any such interpretation; for then we should have to regard the garden of Eden, the tree of life, and the serpent as all subjective. It was as essential that Christ's temptation should be like the first great temptation of man, as like our subsequent temptations. The necessary and causal connection between these two great temptations — the temptation of Adam, and the temptation of Christ, the second Adam — is too often disregarded. The temptation of Christ was not the testing of an individual, like the trial of Job, and like ours; but the testing of the Messiah, the Son of God; the proof of his perfect holiness, that Satan had nothing in him. "If thou be the Son of God" is the key to the whole temptation. After Satan has got within man, as he did by the temptation of Adam, there is no necessity for his approaching him externally. There may have been an awful significance to Christ, in Satan's coming to him in human form. It was the human nature, possessed by the devil, under his power, that Christ came to save. He was manifest to eject Satan from man. There was Christ in human form, and there was Satan in human form, contending for the control of man. Angels in human form might be suggestive of what man ought to be. Satan in human form, the god of this world, is a terrible picture of what man is in his latent tendencies.

The only objection brought against the appearance of Satan is, that this makes the temptation of Christ essentially different from our own, contrary to the scripture, which says, "he was

in all points tempted like as we are." This objection mistakes a difference in external form for a difference in essence. There is a great variety in the scenes and instruments by which temptation assails men. Christ's temptations were essentially the same as those which assail us. Satan does not usually urge us to make bread out of stones; nor does he set us on the pinnacle of the temple; nor show us all the world from a mountain, either actually or in vision; shall we therefore say he did not thus tempt Christ, even subjectively? Christ's temptation was the temptation. He was tempted as the Messiah, and as our Head, for us. Therefore, though like ours in one view, in certain important respects it would necessarily differ. Moreover, it should be remembered that this threefold temptation of Christ was not the whole of his temptation. It is probable that subsequently he assaulted the Saviour, invisibly, yet really and personally present to him. "He left him for a season." If any one insists on the similarity of the form of Satan's approaches to Christ and to ourselves, we have it, therefore, so far as the invisibility is concerned. The angels of God are ministering spirits unto the heirs of salvation. We might as well argue that, because this service is rendered invisibly and unconsciously to us, therefore angels have never appeared unto men in time past, as to say, because Satan does not appear to us, therefore he did not appear to our Lord.

If any one still insists on this objection, we would say further, that there is something in our experience not altogether dissimilar. Satan does assuredly tempt us also through the human form. As powerful temptations as ever assail man come through his fellow-man. It is an awful truth, that the tempter uses men as his most ready and effective instruments to allure us to perdition. It is a truth that walks the streets with us, enters our houses, and sits down by our side, day and night. Satan goes by the side of us in human shape, as really as he went by the side of Christ. It serves his purposes as well. He actuates men to such an extent, that they may be called Satan. So Christ called Peter: "Get thee behind me, Satan." So he rebuked and repelled Satan on the mountain; as though these two temptations, to all intents, were the same.

Christ came forth from the Father, and was manifest in the

the flesh. He has returned to the Father, and we henceforth know him no more after the flesh. Satan once came forth from, and has gone back into, his pitchy darkness. He no longer assumes a human shape. That we are not tempted by Satan in visible form, so far from being an argument against Christ's being thus tempted, rather seems to require such a temptation of Christ to render ours visible and palpable through his. It is because Christ was thus tempted that we are not now ignorant of Satan's devices. In that temptation we have a picture of our insidious foe, a bodying forth impressively for our instruction and warning what is going on with us still in silence and obscurity. It may be asked, Why, then, were there no actual witnesses of the temptation? We reply, that this was not the main purpose, but subsidiary. The great conflict with Satan must be alone. The angels were the witnesses. Why was the knowledge of the transfiguration withheld from the disciples until after the resurrection? Why were not all permitted to witness it? Why, in the resurrection, did no man see Christ coming to life, and walking out of his tomb? And why did no one but believers witness the ascension? There were no disciples, no believers, at the time of the temptation. We could not be witnesses for ourselves; but it does impress us more vividly when we regard it as an objective reality. We have Christ's own witness to what occurred; for Christ must himself have narrated the temptation to the disciples. If it was subjective, it is hard to believe that they would have recorded it without saying so. Christ, in relating it to them, could not have left them under a false impression.

Another point to be considered, in order to the elucidation of the temptation, is its necessity. Why must Christ be tempted? Why be brought into such close contact, and be placed side by side with the most malignant embodiment of sin?

The necessity is found in an event far removed by the intervention of long periods of time; but with which this temptation is connected by a closer, a more vital and significant tie, than that of time; an event, without which its meaning cannot be fully understood, the temptation and fall of the first man in Eden. The temptation of Christ is indissolubly connected with the temptation of Adam. Our Lord stands before us as the

second Adam, a new Head for man. The malignity of Satan would not suffer him to leave the first Adam in his innocence. If the ruin by the fall is to be restored, as Satan is still the prince of evil, the temptation by which he ruined man must be met and resisted. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." The first great work of the devil was the fall of man. Therefore the first public work of Christ is a direct encounter with that murderer from the beginning. Step by step, that which was lost in the fall is to be recovered in the redemption. At the point where Satan began to work, Christ began to destroy his work. Beginning just where he did, it is a remarkable proof that all sin is to be traced back to its original source in the fall by the first temptation. It is a wonderful testimony that the power of sin in man, and the control of the devil, cannot be broken until the effect of that original fall is counteracted. The temptation of Christ for us is an evidence that we sinned in Adam, and fell with him in his first transgression. And in that earliest prediction of a Redeemer, it was announced that the redemption from sin should involve a crushing contest with Satan. Thus the first temptation rendered necessary the second, and we see here another wonderful link binding together the Old and the New Testaments in a living and developing organism. Christ became man for us. He identified himself with us, and stood forth as our head and champion, the captain of our salvation, to bring many sons to glory. Inasmuch as he was man, he must be tempted of the devil. Satan permits none of our race to slip by him unnoticed. As Christ undertook for man, he would as inevitably seek Satan as Satan him. Hence, under the impulse of the Spirit, he went forth into the wilderness to encounter the tempter.

It was to be expected that Satan would bend all his mighty energies to save himself from irretrievable defeat, and baffle the last resource of Deity, where triumph would be final and forever unquestioned. There was every consideration to stimulate the devil to this contest. The spotless purity of Christ would add an infernal zest to the malignity with which he plotted to seduce it, while the humanity of the Saviour veiled the splendor of his divinity, and gave place to such unbounded pre-

sumption. He had succeeded with a perfect humanity in its full vigor; there was now before him a physically weakened humanity, actually under the suffering Satan had introduced into the world. The nature of Christ's work, and the nature of Satan, rendered the contest inevitable. Christ was tempted for us, to break the yoke of the tempter from off our necks; "to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil." Yet the triumph in the temptation did not complete our deliverance.

The relation of the temptation to the baptism of Christ, and its occurrence at the beginning of his public ministry, are considerations too important to be overlooked. The temptation and the baptism help to explain each other; and there are obvious reasons for the occurrence of one immediately after the other. The heavens were opened over him in the baptism, and a voice from heaven declared, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." This voice was sufficient to arouse the attention of Satan, and direct it toward Jesus. It was from the baptism that he took the phrase he uses in the temptation, "the Son of God." The Spirit which descended and abode upon the Saviour was given him to prepare him for the work of redemption, to which he was consecrated by that rite. Hence, no sooner has the Spirit in its fulness descended upon him, than that Spirit "immediately" impels him into the wilderness to be tempted, leads him forth to begin his work. It was by that dovelike Spirit that he overcame the tempter, and held fast his faith in his Father. The reason of the occurrence of the temptation in the beginning of Christ's ministry is found in the nature of his work, which involves, throughout, a contest with the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. To overcome sin, he had to contend with a living person, the embodiment of sin. And before he had taught a syllable—before he had called a disciple—that he should, first of all, go away alone into the wilderness to encounter Satan brings out the nature of his work. It was not merely instructing man—it was by himself alone, unaided by disciple or angel, to triumph over sin and Satan, in a personal encounter. The temptation was a part of his sufferings for us. It was of his humiliation that he was subjected to it. Our sins

rendered it necessary. The curse of God leaves man to the tempter. "He suffered being tempted." "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience through the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." Suffering and obedience were blended in the temptation, as in the whole expiatory work. It was the atoning Sin-Bearer, on his way to the cross, who triumphed in the temptation. It was only by his offering of himself on the cross that he finally destroyed Satan. More is necessary to rescue man than the successful resistance of the solicitations of the tempter. Remove him beyond all temptation, and he is not saved. It was through the death of Christ that he who had the power of death was destroyed.

But why did the temptation assume the threefold form,—why resolve itself into the three specific temptations? The explanation of this also may be found in the fact that Christ was tempted for us, and with our temptations, and that he must encounter essentially the same temptations by which Adam fell; the three great temptations of life, under which all others may be ranged — the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. In Christ's case, of course, they are modified by his peculiar character and position as the Messiah, the Son of God. He was tempted with the temptations common to man, the temptations of his brethren. This enables us to understand how the Saviour could feel the power of temptation, which it is difficult to understand if we look at him exclusively in his divine nature. It was his human nature which was appealed to, which loses none of its likeness to ours by being united to the divine. And he met the temptation with his human nature alone, aided only by the Holy Spirit, as all holy men may be. He was tempted as a man, the man, the head-man, and he resisted as man. There is reason to believe that he felt the power of temptation as much as the first man. Temptation approached him through the same avenue through which it approaches every man, through the desires and fears, through which alone it seems possible for temptation to assail a holy being — desires which are right in themselves, but which

may be misdirected and stimulated to excess. The fact that he resisted promptly, and with apparent ease, is not evidence that there was no power in the temptation; but rather proof of the strength of his holiness. The holier we are, the more easily we resist temptation; we have the more power to do it, though we may be more fiercely assailed. And, now, all we have to do is to turn our back on Satan, and he will flee from us. Stronger, greater, is he, this tempted Christ, that is in you, than he that is in the world. The desires in Christ were as full as in any man: that he had more self control, more firmness of will, is not to be attributed to the weakness of the temptation, but to the strength of his holy nature, and to his long previous fasting and prayer. It was necessary for him to summon up his energies, and bring to bear the power of his piety. It was his sublime faith that kept him calm, that brought the Scriptures quick to remembrance, that enabled him to seize hold of the truth, and to penetrate the devices of Satan. It was his filial reliance on his Father, and the fulness of the Spirit in him, that gave him the victory. He must be filled with the Spirit before he is tempted: but this did not render him insensible to human desires, did not place him beyond the reach of Satan; but rather led him out to meet Satan, and left him to feel the full force of those desires. He felt the power of temptation for us. He perceived how powerful it would prove to allure us to sin and ruin.

Looking upon the temptation, it behooves us to remember that we are not disinterested spectators. We brought the Lamb of God to the abasement of being side by side with the worst element and component of hell, and forced him to endure the presence of the most abhorred of his Father's enemies. This, it is well said, is something beyond Christ's humiliation, a deeper depth. "It was not only laying aside his majesty, but suffering the glory of his holiness to be concealed and to be questioned; for Satan evidently supposed it possible to tempt him to sin." Our sins caused that humiliation. We threw that heavy shadow, black as darkness and death, across the holiness of our Saviour.

Let us look and see the awful fact of temptation. It is something beyond the depravity of our nature. The most powerful

influences are brought to bear upon us to involve us inextricably in sin. An intellect, mighty and subtle beyond our conception, is plotting our ruin. This reveals our need of such a Redeemer as Christ, who alone can conquer the foe. In view of his own temptation, the words of the tempted one are most impressive: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and his solicitude, which provided for us the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Sin is no mere individual matter. Sin is an organism, a kingdom, with combined and ready forces. That kingdom must be overturned, that organism crushed, before one of us can be delivered from the dominion of sin, and rise superior to evil.

The Saviour resisted Satan in the temptation, then went forth to eject devils from the bodies and souls of men; and, finally, through death destroyed him that had the power of death, and delivered them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

It may be asked, why Satan alone is spoken of as tempting Christ and us? as though there were but one devil to tempt man. We reply, Satan is the head of the kingdom of darkness, therefore all temptations may be said to come from him. He left the great work of tempting the Saviour to none of his subordinates. Devils are represented in the New Testament as possessing men, and Christ as casting them out. Possibly, it was from their knowledge of the temptation of Jesus that they gained their remarkable knowledge of the Son of God, which they manifested when he approached them.

ARTICLE VI.

EDWARD IRVING.

The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By MRS. OLIPHANT. 8vo. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1862.

MANY lives of men and women strangely wind themselves around our hearts, though we would not wish to make them the model of our own existence. This is one of them. There is no mystery in the strong grasp which it lays on our sympathies. The very weaknesses of a regal nature like Irving's invest its bold and commanding features with a heightened interest, constraining a tender love where otherwise there might be only much admiration. When, moreover, as in this instance, some deep, consuming sorrow moans along the story, gathering itself at last into a thrilling and pathetic 'Cry of the Human,' then biography takes on a dramatic power all the more irresistible because of its severe reality, and creates a world of radiant glories and sombre griefs, through which we travel with a sense of the arrest of another's destiny upon us that no art of fiction can ever produce. Minute and extended as is this narrative, its attraction gathers strength to the close.

The lady who gives the public this history has fitted herself for the labor by a thorough possession of the requisite materials, and by that hearty entering into the spirit of her subject which, while in danger of making an author too much of an eulogist or apologist, as possibly sometimes here, is necessary to a congenial and satisfying treatment of the theme. She dedicates her volume, with a charming feminine grace, "To all who love the memory of Edward Irving, which the writer has found by much experiment to mean all who ever knew him." That she is one of the former every page brings proof. Irving deserved such an interpreter, for he was every inch a man, though sad to say, one most unfortunate and misunderstood. That six feet and

a third stature could not have caged a narrow soul save by a strangest freak of nature. His spirit was worthy its tenement. No one now will hesitate to concede to him masterly powers of mind, the true *aura* of genius. He was one of the few originals, born to be a leader of men.

Irving came of a sturdy race, being born among the wool-growers and small farmers of Annandale, just over the Scottish border, on the fourth of August, 1792 — the second of eight children. His ancestors were a notable people, particularly on the mother's side. An uncle "lives in local tradition as the good-natured giant of the district." A sister, Irving's mother, "handsome and high-spirited," transmitted to her son the physical and mental peculiarities of her family. The parents were religious in the traditionally ecclesiastical spirit of the region. The boy early caught the same tendency. At a very childish age, we see him trudging off of a Sunday morning, with the rustic neighbors, five or six miles to attend a seceder meeting which he preferred to the established church of the village. Possibly the pleasant walk had something to do with his selection. His romantic turn of mind, moreover, was already stirring, and it found a ready stimulant in the tales of persecution for the truth with which the country-side abounded. The elderly folk were pleased with so eager and intelligent a listener to their inspiring talk by the bright peat fires, and along the burns and vales which led to their Sabbath shrine. Irving never outlived the influences of these juvenile scenes and employments. To the day of his death he was only the larger and older child of those simple years at Annan.

This town, close by the coast of the Solway frith, gave the resolute youth abundance of pastime "in that wilderness of sand and shingle with its gleaming salt-water pools clear as so many mirrors, full of curious creatures" at ebb tide; and once, at least, he, with his venturous brothers, came within a perilous step of being caught far out from shore, by the in-rushing of the impetuous waters. His physical powers got a good development before the brain began to do much work. He was at home among the graziers, drovers, and salmon-fishers of the district, and in his father's tannery also, agile at all sports and handy at all tasks. Hugh Clapperton, the African explorer of

a later day, was one of his playfellows, and many a castle in the air did the imaginative boys build together, as they planned all manner of possible travels for future execution. It was long before Irving gave up this rambling fancy, and when, by and by, he became a clergyman, this taste of his boyhood took the direction of a missionary life in unknown lands, which, at several points in his career, he almost reached the purpose of accomplishing.

We must not linger too long over these youthful notices, but the physical life of Irving was so marked a part of him, that a few anecdotes of his prowess must be given. While teaching school, at about the age of twenty, he walked some seventeen miles, of an afternoon, to Edinburgh, to hear Chalmers preach. The church was crowded, but seeing a vacant place he pushed for it, when a man obstructed his way — saying that the seat was engaged. Irving waited for the occupants to arrive till “his patience gave way, and, raising his hand he exclaimed, ‘Remove your arm or I will shatter it in pieces.’ His astonished opponent fell back in utter dismay and made a precipitate retreat,” while the schoolmaster and some of his boys who had accompanied him fell into the vacancy victoriously. At another time, wishing with some friends to gain admittance to the Scottish General Assembly, which the doorkeeper refused to allow, “he put his shoulder to the narrow door, and applying his herculean strength to it, fairly wrenched it off its hinges.” He was impetuous in his dislike of all kinds of upstart assumption. It roused his ire and nerved his arm alike. Once having escorted some ladies to a meeting and got a good place near the door, to crowd in when it should be opened, an official personage bustled up commanding the bystanders to give way, and when no one obeyed him, he put his hand on Irving’s shoulder to move him aside. “Irving raised in his hand the great stick he carried, and turned to the intruder: ‘Be quiet, sir, or I will annihilate you!’ The composure with which this truculent sentence was delivered drew a burst of laughter from the crowd which completed the discomfiture of the unfortunate functionary.”

A native grandeur belonged to all his movements — the shining of a clear and gallant soul through its commanding

bodily presence. While laboring in Glasgow as Dr. Chalmers' assistant, he called on a parishioner. The lady being very busy in domestic duties had ordered the servant not to admit any visitors. But speedily the maid came back in a great flurry. "‘Mem!’ burst forth the girl, ‘there’s a wonderful grand gentleman called; I couldna say you were engaged to *him*. I think he maun be a Highland chief!’” Another citizen mistook him for a cavalry officer; and still another told the amused doctor that his colleague passed among them for a brigand chief. Hailing a ferryman, one day, to set him across a river, the man put forth from the other shore with a skiff, then returned, and after a while came over with a heavy, lumbering boat. Irving, a little impatient, as the ‘gloaming’ was deepening, asked the reason of this delay. “‘I thought you were a man and a horse,’ cried the startled ferryman, looking up bewildered at the gigantic figure and portmanteau which distance and darkness had shaped into a centaur.” This majesty of bearing, natural to him as to breathe, reached its fullest expression in his pulpit address. Erect, and well proportioned to his height, with raven black locks flowing down his shoulders, he walked up the aisle of a church with the step of a master in Israel. Each movement was indicative of intellectual as well as physical strength. His features were full of the liveliest play of emotion, benignant yet firm, with ‘forehead, broad, deep, and expressive; the eye dark and penetrating, hung over with thick, black, projecting brows; the mouth beautifully formed and exceedingly expressive of eloquence’; and a voice of finest modulations and farthest reach. In the open air, he was sometimes distinctly heard a quarter of a mile off, and audibly though not distinctly at double that distance. These are the reminiscences of old acquaintances. We can the better understand, through their aid, the secret of the magical power which he held over the thousands who hung upon his lips.

But this supremacy of the new aspirant for pulpit honors was not at once acknowledged. A long and weary probation followed his graduation (1809) and his licensure (1815), during which he was studying divinity in a not very regular method, teaching schools, travelling the country afoot in quest of pleasure and business, listening patiently to sermons which he felt

were far too spiritless and perfunctory to convert the world to Christ, now and then trying his own gifts in a way which brought him far more of surly criticism than of popular acceptance; and withal, perfecting the preliminaries of a conjugal union with the daughter of the good minister of Kirkealdy, where he presided for several years over the academy. This interval has its marked characteristics. Irving came slowly to his professional position. People did not understand him, did not like him. He partly provoked this unpopularity. His mind was restless and somewhat annoyingly invasive of old opinions. "This youth will scrape a hole in everything he is called on to believe," said a friend and patron of his, long before. While waiting for the field of pastoral labor which Providence should appoint him, he had been meditating whether the church did not demand a different kind of ministry to finish the apostolic work, and had been studying prayerfully those early scriptural models for his own guidance in fulfilling the commission which in due time he should receive. Now and then invited to supply a parish pulpit, his doubtless crude experiments upon the conclusions which were thus forming in his own mind, were neither an orderly walking in the old paths, nor as yet a very well-defined manifestation, to these opinionated Scotchmen, of something better. He had his own ideas and ideals, but the day was not yet arrived to find them appreciated:

"The fervent beginnings of his eloquence were thrown back cold upon his heart; no eye in his audience making response to that imperfect splendid voice of half-developed genius, which was so wonderfully distinct from the commonplace shrills of ordinary pulpit declamation which they listened to and relished. He had 'ower muckle gran'ner' for the good people of Kirkealdy. His chaotic splendors disconcerted them; and no doubt there was a certain justice in the general voice. A style so rich and splendid might very well have sounded turgid or bombastic in youth, before the harmonious key-note had been found." — p. 61.

Nor did his connection with Chalmers in the Glasgow pastorate (1819-1822) much advance his fame. The dull commercial city did not discover his capacities; bore with him because the great doctor had selected him for a helper, but

never ceased to wonder over the choice. Irving threw himself into the lanes and foulest dens of that populous and vicious town with his whole energy, doing a missionary's toils with untiring zeal, climbing into attics and delving into cellars with his unfailing "peace be to this house." Thus he won his way to many hearts as a sympathizing friend. He was as generous as the sun. Receiving a legacy of perhaps seventy pounds, he had it changed into one pound notes and gave them away, one daily, to the poor, as long as they lasted. He converted a radical, infidel shoemaker into a decent and regular church-goer by getting up to the weak side of him through his own acquaintance with the mysteries of leather learned in his father's tannery. "He's a sensible man, *yon* ; he kens about leather !" said the subdued Crispin to a neighbor, a while after, as the tall minister was passing. But whenever Irving took the pulpit, the pews shrugged their shoulders. It wasn't Chalmers, 'the day.' Chalmers was almost as much at fault concerning his associate. He loved, admired, was indulgent to, his friend. His preaching, said the doctor, is like Italian music, appreciated only by connoisseurs. It was like anything save his own ponderous yet thoroughly elastic common-sense. Irving had the disadvantage of coming to a people already preoccupied by one of the greatest of living pulpit orators. Two kings could not rule in that realm. One had the sceptre in a firm grasp. The other must go elsewhere to find his regal recognition. He found it soon. But this is beautiful, that not a trace of envy, or the slightest mislike is observable in the man who, through these years, saw the full tide of popular praise flowing steadily from himself to his senior, whose eminent powers no one more heartily confessed than did Irving, while also conscious that he had within himself at least an equal power of wielding the public at his will.

A charm of this biography is the effect produced by the appearance of persons upon the stage in whom the world has long been interested, and with whom Irving was intimately connected, from the beginning to the ending of his romantic career. This effect, at times, is quite scenic, as the contrasts and interplay of strong characters mingle in the story. Thus, in quite early years, we have Irving and Thomas Carlyle associating in a debating club, and laying the foundations of a manly friend-

ship. We may as well take a little space, at this point, to gratify the reader with some of these well managed combinations. With Carlyle, there was the attraction of mutual genius and fraternal sympathies, but the lack of any true religious oneness always kept a barrier between these men's innermost hearts. Carlyle lamented Irving's subsequent enthusiasms and premature death like a human brother; but he erred in ascribing these erratic courses to a wish to maintain a hold upon the waning admiration of a London auditory. Irving never lost his early affection for "the philosopher"; but the philosophy was ice to his fervid soul. Between Irving and Chalmers there was the bond of Christian experience; but there was hardly anything else in common. Chalmers was a man of thorough business views and habits; an organizer, administrator, statesman. His parish was his little kingdom, which he ruled over, not so much for the good of its individual constituents, as of the whole. He was a mighty spiritual machinist, intent on the right running of the mechanism which he was ever contriving and putting in motion for the moral and religious elevation of the thousands around him. He grasped the practicabilities of his position, whatever it was, and bent a prodigious strength to make the most of them, with little fondness or patience for any mere visionary speculation. Irving, on the contrary, was a pure idealist. With him, the individual was the directly engrossing object, and nothing could be greater. His mind sublimed whatever it rested on. He instinctively raised every emotion into its loftiest sphere, and threw around every object a kind of entrancing glory. There was a witchery before his eye (his countrymen call it a *glamour*) which gave unreal shapes to things. He colored them with his own wonderful imagination, till they in fact ceased to be what they were, under this suffusion of sunset splendors. He could not look on a subject in the ordinary atmosphere of mortals; must set it apart and dissect it to its innermost vital element, and then expound it so far asunder from the region of everyday experiences and possibilities, "that people accustomed to look at it only from the outside, stood by aghast, and did not know the familiar doctrine which they had put into his hands." It was all alike with him, week days and holy days. In his family, he was the

patriarch, blessing his children and his servants with Abrahamic dignity. In his church, he was the priest, the apostle, the angel of the church, ever wearing the invisible robes of the sons of Aaron. That church is to him the veritable kingdom of heaven, intrusted with the personal honors, and glorified with the continual presence, of its Divine Lord. The sanctuary is the palace-house, the throne-room of a presiding and approving God. He believes in the unseen and the eternal as if visible facts. A missionary sermon is with him the portraiture of a modern Paul, which he drew out of his own consciousness, as the type of what the world now wants, more than it needs all our well-adjusted organizations to convert the nations. If it takes him three and a half hours to preach it, if it sets all London in a hubbub, and alienates his friends and patronizers — it matters nothing. This makes him an ultra conservative in politics, demanding a theocratic severity of restraint to all error and unrighteousness. It carried him very closely to the dogma of baptismal regeneration, which captured him through his idealizing tendency and his parental anxieties. It was fascinating to his intensifying and mystic apprehension, and he took it to his embrace. This explains his love of adventure, his glowing pleasure in high achievement, in beautiful and sublime natural scenery. It turned his sermons into orations. It drove him into antagonism to ecclesiastical authority when this took the stand of opposition to what he deemed the rights and glory of Jesus Christ. He expected hourly to see the embodied Saviour at his second advent. He almost saw him in his daily meditations. It was a strange thing to contemplate — this life of a man so out of the world in every habit of his being, while yet in the world, and in the midst of the busiest, most earth-bound population of it.

“The ‘vision splendid’ attended him not only through his morning course, but throughout all his career. The light around him never faded into the light of common day. Unawares he addressed the ordinary individuals about him as though they, too, were heroes and princes, . . . made poor astonished women, in tiny London apartments, feel themselves ladies in the light of his courtesy; and unconsciously elevated every man he talked with into the ideal man he ought to have been.” — p. 293.

Of this idealistic rapture there was almost nothing in his illustrious countryman. Chalmers looked on and shook his sagacious head; distrusted, by and by disapproved, but never deserted his old associate, when he could be of use to him, which indeed at length grew impossible. But here is a group of the immortals — Chalmers, Coleridge, and Irving — in a chatty letter from the first to his wife from London after Irving's settlement there:

"Irving and I went to Bedford Square. Mr. and Mrs. Montague took us out in their carriage to High-gate, where we spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gilman, on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret, and to me unintelligible, communion of spirit between them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake poetry, which I am not yet up to."*

The good doctor had no plumage with which to skim that cloudland. When Chalmers rallied Irving upon the fogginess of Coleridge's talk, saying, that he liked to look all around an idea before giving in to it: "Ha!" retorted Irving, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist."† After morning prayers, Irving dips into the quarterlies. "While I partook of my usual repast, I glanced at that very remarkable article 'Milton' in the Edinburgh Review, which came in from the library. I take it to be young Macaulay's. It is clever — oh, it is full of genius — but little grace." Charles Lamb, also, flits through these pages, with a puzzled, pathetic smile, to whom Irving was a splendid incomprehensibility. Davie Wilkie and Allan Cunningham loved him, too. The picture is full of life and noble simplicity:

"In this wide circle the preacher moved with all the joyousness of his nature, never, however, leaving it possible for any man to forget

* Page 282, supplemented from Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*, Vol. III. pp. 167, 168.

† Chalmers' *Life*, *ut supra*; note.

that his special character was that of a servant of God. The light talk then indulged in by magazines breaks involuntarily into pathos and seriousness in the allusions made in *Frazer's Magazine*, years after, to this early summer of his career. The laughing philosophers over their wine, grow suddenly grave as they speak of the one among them who was not as other men. 'In God he lived, and moved, and had his being,' says this witness impressed from among the lighter regions of life and literature to bear testimony: no act was done but in prayer; every blessing was received with thanksgiving to God; every friend was dismissed with a parting benediction. The man who could thus make his character apparent to the wits of the day must have lived a life unequivocal and not to be mistaken." — p. 160.

Our grouping has outrun the history. Irving had been translated to the British metropolis at the call of the Caledonian church in Holburn. He had sprung to this position (the word is not too strong) with the eagerness of a general hasting to the head of his division on the eve of battle. He was thirty years old, and burning with desire for a field all his own on which to try unhampered his cherished schemes of ministerial enterprise. Huge London had opened its arms to receive him, but whether to engulf him in obscurity among its millions, or to herald him to fame, remained to be tested. Mackintosh is arrested by an expression in one of his prayers; he speaks of him to Canning, who comes to hear him, and directly alludes to the eloquent Scotch preacher, in a speech in parliament, with highly eulogistic words. That is enough. The ear of fashion catches the news that a great celebrity, not to say eccentricity, is ministering in the little Caledonian chapel. Straightway the tide is setting thither. The unconscious clergyman and his humble flock are thrown from their propriety by the concourse of strangers pressing to hear this new Chrysostom of the golden mouth. "The nobility, members of parliament, judges, and barristers of every description, physicians, clergymen, dissenters, duchesses, noted beauties, besieged the doors and were crowded together in the passages, attracted no less by the eloquence and power, than by the plain-spoken originality of the preacher." On this wider theatre, Irving renewed the pastoral explorations of Glasgow. With a family establishment of his own, at length, his house became a religious hotel

thronged by every sort of applicant for spiritual or hospitable supplies. His family-worship was thrown open to his people and became a stated meeting of prayer and Christian conference. The amount of his labors soon became almost fabulous. Sermons followed each other at rapid intervals from two to three hours long. Books were written, translated, published, with wonderful facility. Hours were daily spent in visitations and conversations on the one subject which swallowed up all others. Then he would set forth on preaching tours to Scotland or other parts of the island, delivering whole courses of lectures on prophesy at six o'clock of the morning, as later in Edinburgh, with immense audiences, to catch the members of the General Assembly before their session began for the day, and even those staid old divines could not avoid the contagion of the summons. "Certainly there must have been a marvellous power of attraction that could turn a whole population out of their beds as early as five," writes Chalmers: a thing which he never thought of attempting. This, and a hundred-fold more, was crowded annually into ten short years, in one of which "Edward preached thirteen times in eight days" — so writes Mrs. Irving, who knew full well what a sermon by her husband meant, as counted off on the dial. At another time, we find him speaking "almost constantly from nine in the morning till eleven at night, what with expositions, dictating for an hour, and answering questions." He makes an appointment to expound the epistle to the Hebrews, in a distant city, in fourteen consecutive days, at the rate of a chapter a day. All this illustrates his habitual earnestness which, with him, was a perpetual, glowing passion. His constitutionally enthusiastic temperament and his vast amount of physical elasticity propelled this activity. But it is impossible to doubt, from his diaries, letters, and everyday spirit, that he was also an unusually devout and Christian man. He lived for and in Christ, and this gave speed to his flight as on the wings of eagles. He lived by this truth, "That when the Holy Ghost departs from any set of opinions or form of character, they wither like a sapless tree": so he writes to his wife in a familiar letter. And again; "Meditate, Isabella, this deep mystery of the spirit in man quickened by the Holy Spirit. I had one meditation at home, that immortal souls, not

written compositions, nor printed books, were the *primum mobile* of a minister's activity." This was the key of his apostleship, nearer to the primitive type, in most things, than often seen in these latter ages.

One can more easily imagine the peculiar power of his oratory than describe it. Enough has been said of his commanding physical accessories. His method was largely expository; his language was biblical and metaphorical; he was a deep colorist in the use of words, in which his vocabulary was copiously rich. His action was energetic and various, at times to a Whitfieldian excess. But, beyond all this, there was an air of combined benevolence and unworldliness about him which instantly arrested and enchained the listener. He bore an aspect of purity and unaffected grace which was irresistibly magnetic to all susceptible minds. Then the cultured and original intellectuality of his discourses, even the most unpremeditated, won the delighted attention of multitudes who had no sympathy with his earnest faith. There was breadth and vigorous handling of massive truth about him. He could hardly turn his mind around without throwing off some such thought as this, as in another unstudied private letter to his wife:

"There are certain great feelings or laws of the soul, under which it grows into full stature, of which obedience to government is one, communion with the church is another, trust in the providence of God another, and so forth, which form the original demand in the soul, both for religion, and law, and family, and to answer which these were appointed of God, and are preserved by His authority. My notion is that the Ten Commandments contain the ten principal of these mother-elements of a thriving soul — these laws of laws, and generating principles of all institutions. These also, I think, ought to be made the basis of every system of moral and political philosophy."

Educated men were fed by this masculine thinking. Knowing what we do of the sustained popularity of Mr. Spurgeon amidst that same London population, it ceases to surprise us that a man so vastly superior to him, as Irving, in all the endowments of a public speaker, should have wielded so lordly a sway over his hearers.

The crowds which followed his eloquent discoursings made it

necessary to erect a larger edifice for his services, which accordingly was done in the founding and opening of the spacious National Scotch church in Regent Square. But the skies were giving signs of tempests. From almost the first, he had been subjected to a sharp criticism among the London wits, and to a grosser sort of attack from the wags and scoffers of the city. Caricatures had turned the laugh on him in the shop-windows, and dignified journals had adjudged him a clerical mountebank and fanatic. This outside opposition and ribaldry, however, could have done him no harm. It was to be expected in such a Babylon. Nor was it of much matter to him that his published as well as spoken rhetoric did not suit the canons of the reviewers of the day. His heaviest and finally fatal troubles originated from altogether interior sources. Irving himself was enamored of doctrinal discussions in the pulpit, while not a theologian in the systematic and thorough sense. He studied the Bible with a deep conscientiousness, but not under a well-balanced judgment and a broad out-look. He was an ultra literalist. His mind was converging continually towards the flaming foci of special truths and their applications, and was forever scorching itself in these intense fires. He was one-sided in his views and teachings, and thus was marked heretic, when he had no consciousness of departing from the strictest standards of his mother-church. He was so antipodal to everybody else, in temperament and methods, that he was perpetually misunderstood, dreaded, and ultimately hunted down as a common foe to good order and orthodox Christianity.

The story of his trial for heresy and eventual deposition from the ministry by the Presbyterian courts, is soon told. Thoroughly and most sympathetically human himself, he had come to conceive of the Lord Jesus Christ as partaking, in fullest sense, the humanity of our race, that he might console its sorrows and lift it from its degradations. He held, and with his wonted energy taught, that Christ took our fallen nature, and not our unfallen, that is, "the flesh of man as he found it," or, as the apostle says, the seed of Abraham, and not "a certain Eden-fiction of humanity, not so much holy as innocent." This he considered as essential to a true incarnation for our redemption. On the other hand, he utterly denied the accu-

sation which was charged to his doctrine — that Christ was a sinner in any way, through this assumption of our sinful nature ; for that the Holy Spirit so dwelt in him from his conception, that he was, even before birth, what he was called — “that holy thing.” Thus, with him, our Lord’s sinlessness was not constitutional, but by divine grace supplied without measure from the point of an ante-natal regeneration. His opponents, however, could not make this close and subtle dissection. If Christ took our fallen nature, then he was fallen — was their conclusion. In vain did Irving in every possible way protest and plead against this deduction from his premises. In vain did he prove, for the thousandth time, in sermons, pamphlets, letters, and other defences, that a Saviour who took the unsinning Adam’s humanity could not be tempted in all points like as we are, though still without sin. The proceedings in the case were tedious and most harassing to all parties involved. The biographer enters heartily into the persecuted preacher’s championship, and is severe upon his former patron and lifelong friend Chalmers for not stepping forth for his rescue. Looking at this controversy after thirty years have grassed over the fierce battle-field, we can well enough see that the doctrinal issue thus contested was but a small part of the trouble involved. Other things had come in to undermine confidence in this bold and innovating leader. He was out of *rapprochement* with his professional brothers, and with the churches which they served. Had there been nothing else but this difference of doctrine about a *pre* or *post*-Adamic humanization of our Lord, as thus defined, Irving might have gone unscathed by church-censures. What we see, Chalmers doubtless felt. He could not save his friend ; no one could. He must follow his destiny ; and that was one of the saddest on which a great and good heart ever was wrecked.

A feature comes out continually in Irving’s character which was to him the source of measureless misfortune. He was one of the most impressionable of men. Honest and transparent to a fault, he had no distrust of any soul which came across his track with the appearance of sincerity. He was ready, even to weakness, to listen to everybody’s new notion or crochets upon the gravest themes, and to accept for truth the most in-

credible facts, and their more incredible explanations. There was a lack of the power of sound judgment—something in his mental making-up curiously answering to the side-long cast of his eye, which looked at you and did not look at you, but at anything else, at the same moment. We cannot go into a detailed justification of this serious indictment, but a careful perusal of this large volume leaves such a conviction resistlessly on our minds. Already, he had swung off into a fevered study of prophecy with a select circle of congenial spirits. The cloistered conferences of Albury, with the oracular forthputtings of the “Morning Watch,” were as fuel to his excitable nature. Females had begun to take a leading part in his public worship. His acceptance of the Second Advent was of the intensest and directest type. Then came the stories of the gifts of healing vouchsafed to some favored disciples, and he gave them his impassioned embrace. The gift of tongues began to turn his services into scenes of wild ardors and confusions of unintelligible sounds. He saw in it the promise of the Father to the church of the last days, and rejoiced in the visible demonstration of the presence of the Pentacostal Spirit. The apostolic church was restored in the heart of London, to his faith, with all its pristine powers of miracle and inspiration; and with a child like wonder and a martyr’s fervor he maintained the challenge of its genuineness against the world, and harder far than that, against his dearest family friends, who could not but condemn his irreclaimable aberrations.

These irregularities wrought Irving’s ruin. He had entered a labyrinth from which there was no extrication. The utter surrender of his belief to the truthfulness of these manifestations put the whole matter with him on a footing of conscience from which there was no appeal. No one can doubt his ingenuousness in this “sublime unreason,” can suspect him of a taint of charlatanry. It is mournful to see the limits of his influence for good, and the circle of his personal friendships, continually narrowing under this new possession. Deposed by the judicatories of the church to which he owes fealty, shut out from his beloved pulpit, he turns the streets and fields of London into preaching places. Soon he is set aside from the ministering of ordinances by the authoritative word of one of

his own members endowed with the prophetic power, and instantly he yields an obedience to this mystic mandate which he had promptly refused to the grave divines who had adjudged his cause adversely. Nothing can be more affecting than the attitude which he now assumes, or rather, which is forced upon him. Amidst all these distributions of extraordinary gifts to his flock — while illiterate men and women were speaking with tongues and exercising apostolic powers — the devout, praying, watching pastor had received no such mark of the divine favor. Wonderful, that this had not sprung a doubt in his mind respecting these demonstrations. But he drew no inference of the kind; his early scepticism seems entirely to have expired in this clamor of his heart for the signs which should herald the coming of the Son of Man. For awhile, he worshipped in abeyance among his excited congregation, accepting his humiliation with the uncomplaining spirit of a sheep dumb before its shearers. Then permission comes again, through the same channel, to the servant of the Lord to resume his functions, and he gratefully submits to a re-ordination at the hands of his own church-members. The narrative has a tragic painfulness as we see the strong man bowing himself beneath burdens imposed upon his meek spirit by what he feels to be God's chastening, rebuking will—which burdens we know will before long crush all the marrow out of his bones, and all the life within him which can perish into an untimely grave. "His characteristic fire," says a gentleman who had heard him in earlier and brighter days, "had then, in a great measure, given place to a strangely plaintive pathos, which was as exquisitely touching and tender as his exhibitions of intellectual power had been majestic."

But amidst this excessive morbidness, a pure and healthful flow of domestic affections runs on to the end. This is one of the strongest attractions of the man. That wonderful series of journal-letters sets forth its fulness and power, sent off by him day by day for nearly two months, to his absent wife, and covering over eighty pages of this volume. We know of nothing like it in diary-literature. It is just the whole of his living and thinking—private, professional, domestic, and sacred—put upon paper for the only human eye which could

thus be let into his innermost existence, and that their two beings might thus the more perfectly become one. His heart never cankers. It is large enough to shelter a world had its power been equal to its compassion. Preaching to an out-door London multitude, in these days of darkness and scorn, he picks up a lost child and puts it in his bosom till the discourse is finished, and then finds for it its mother. At this time, too, he writes charming letters to his young children, full of local description and legendary tradition, and his communications to his wife and their respective families have all the sweet and artless tenderness of former happiest days. It is evidently impossible to sour or embitter that most truthful and loving soul, though all the vials of contumely and desertion be emptied into it. We must give one of these familiar epistles, written to his wife within three months of his death, while away in pursuit of a brief repose, just to show the heart of this almost consumed sufferer — how elastic and receptive of universal beauty it yet continued. It is sent from Wales :

“ I am again returned to the banks of the Wye, and shall ascend it to near its summit in ‘ huge Plinlimmon.’ Of all rivers that I have seen, the grace of its majesty surpasseth. I first came in sight of its scenery as we rode to Hereford, a few miles from Kington, and, as far as the eye could stretch up to the mountains from which it issued, it seemed a very wilderness of beauty and fruitfulness. My eye was never satisfied with beholding it. But how impossible it is to give you an idea of the vast bosom of Herefordshire as I saw it from the high lands we cross on the way to Ross! . . . My soul was altogether satisfied in beholding the works of my God. . . . But the valley of the Usk . . . hath a beauty of its own; so soft, with such a feathery wood scattered over it, gracing with modesty, but not hiding, the well-cultivated sides of the mountains, whose tops are resigned to nature’s wildness. . . . Now, my dearest, of myself: I think I grow daily better by daily care and the blessing of God upon it. I ride [in the saddle] thirty miles without any fatigue, walking down the hills to relieve my horse. . . . I have you and the children in continual remembrance before God, and them also that are departed, expressing my continual contentedness that they are with Him. Now farewell! say to Martin [his little son] that I am going to write him a letter about another king — St. Ethelred.” — p. 548.

This journey was his last. The tide of life was ebbing.

Venit Hesperus. Growing worse, he hastened through Liverpool to Glasgow, where his ever constant Isabella joined him. For a few weeks he was seen slowly pacing the streets of that early home of his, but no longer with the old heroic step. The prematurely worn-out man of only forty-two years has nothing more to do but to die. Twelve years of London toil and excitement had turned the youthful athlete into a bowed-down, white-haired invalid. His last sickness was rapid. "He grew delirious in those solemn evenings, and 'wandered' in his mind. Such wandering!" It was upon the mighty themes which had tasked and exhausted his life. Almost at the end of all, he was heard repeating some unfamiliar words. His father-in-law stooped close and recognized the "Hebrew measures of the twenty-third Psalm—'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' " It was the old patriarchal spirit clothing itself in the robes of the Christian conqueror. Yet there was another struggle of his soul to grasp the crown. It was successful. On "a gloomy December Tuesday" he escaped to the land of everlasting rest, adding to his former attestations of faith and hope the apostolic confession—fit sentence to pronounce the farewell of such a spirit to earth—"If I die, I die unto the Lord, Amen." And the excommunicated minister was borne to his sepulchre in Glasgow cathedral church, most heartily mourned by the clergy and their people who had consented (we may trust reluctantly) but a few months before, to his exclusion from their Christian communion and fellowship.

In reading a memoir like this, we have a saddening impression of the isolation of every human life, at certain points, from its fellows, at which the efforts of others to understand it must stop, for none but God—not even itself—can thoroughly know its motives and explain its history. Irving's soul had many of these deep places. His history, as here so ably rendered, strikingly points this solemn lesson; that the purest conscientiousness needs to be guarded, in a world like this, by a large amount of practical wisdom. And to no one is this of more importance than to prominent and popular leaders of the religious world.

ARTICLE VII.

COLENSO UPON MOSES AND JOSHUA.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

THAT a Christian bishop should set himself to the task of disproving the genuineness of any portion of Holy Scripture presents an incongruous idea. That he should be, at the same time, a missionary churchman among the Hottentots, does not help the incongruity. The statements are antagonistic, *per se*. That this person may have a legal right to attempt such work, that he may be sincere in his scepticism, does not relieve the difficulty. There is a fitness of things which should be observed. Not every one should volunteer every kind of enterprise. If a writer neglects this common law of appearances, in selecting his subject, he must suffer the evil of having his edifice entered through this unsightly porch. The bishop is suffering just in this way, as is evident in many notices of his book. This is not an invidious criticism: nor is it to be set aside, in a case like this, by the more frequent than conclusive assumption that truth is the object sought, and that everybody, in every way conceivable, not only is at liberty, but is under obligation, to pursue this search. We all know that the pretence of a special mission to set the world right has covered the propagandism of error in all the ages.

This volume consists, first, of a narrative of the author's doubtings and mental troubles, from which we conclude that he is honestly perplexed by biblical questions which he cannot answer. Then follows the critical examination of the sacred history which has caused his difficulty. The passages involved are those which may be called the arithmetic of Moses and Joshua. Thus — the front of the Tabernacle was eighteen feet across. In single files, nine men could have stood in this space,

at which rate, with eighteen inches or so between the ranks, it would have required twenty miles for the whole congregation to have been assembled before the Tabernacle, as is described in the Pentateuch. This is incredible; therefore an error is detected; therefore, no divine authority in the documents. Abraham, again, could not have had three hundred and eighteen servants born in his own house, to lead against his hostile neighbors, as is affirmed. (?) Consequently — another mistake, and no inspiration. These are fair specimens of the reasoning of this new treatise upon numbers. Its author, years ago, published an elementary work in the mathematics, and this is its application to the science of hermeneutics. From these examinations with slate and pencil he gathers (1) that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses, or by any one acquainted personally with the facts which it professes to describe; (2) that the so-called Mosaic narrative, by whomsoever written, cannot be regarded as historically true. And so with Joshua.

The defect in the bishop's argumentation is obvious. In order to an inspiration from God, of religious authority, through human agents, he requires the impossibility of the slightest departure from historical accuracy in the transmission of the minutest details of events through thousands of years; that is, he demands an absolute truth, in all the unimportant accessories of the narrative. This is simply to destroy the human element of the Bible, and to turn it from its true function of a religious revelation, into a text-book of secular knowledge. We do not admit a large portion of the bishop's calculations and alleged exaggerations. As usual with these writers, he has drawn largely on the conjectural. But we know of no respectable advocates of the divine origin of the Scriptures who adopt the theory that an impossibility of all misstatement, in every circumstance of an inspired narrative, is necessary to the defence of its inspiration. We thought that this point was settled among biblical critics, on the ground that divine wisdom and power never perform a needless miracle, which this would seem to be. Other answers to this very lame logic were easy, but this is conclusive. Looking at the labored investigation thus, we feel the force of a contemporary reviewer's judgment of the volume: "This is a

much less important book than we had supposed it to be." For the same reason we are sorry to see that more of what, it is presumable, will be of the same quality, is promised. A friend put this point to us the other day in just its right light. It is (said he) like walking along the outside of a cathedral — the windows seen from the street are only wretched and unmeaning daubs. But enter, and walk slowly up the aisles, and those painted lights become radiant with seraphic glories. So must God's scriptures be seen from the inside, not the outside, if their beauties and splendors shall ever open upon our souls.

In the last number of the "*North American Review*," in the article, "*Phases of Scholarship*," we find a sentence or two so germane to the subject of this notice and to the increasing class of similar publications, that we must find room for it here :

"It is a fine thing, we admit, to arraign a line in Hesiod upon the charge of obtaining credit on false pretences, to hear the evidence, to weigh it, and perhaps finally to condemn the line to be expunged from all future editions. We are not disputing the value of such judgments, we are but pointing out the subtle temptation to the judge of perpetually asserting his authority. Thus the arrogance of criticism leads to change, to rejection, to annihilation. The mind becomes morbidly active, and a hunger takes hold of the reasoning power which constantly craves some new food ; but it never is satisfied because it is diseased. . . . Tragic indeed is the interest which attaches to these solitary, restless spirits, vainly pushing on and on after perfection, and lying down at last, so many of them, with the cold mists of sceptical death gathering about them."

We should judge this author to be one of those very conscientious and weakly men, of considerable learning, yet narrow view, whose chief disqualification to become a guide to others lies in the one idea which so frequently takes exclusive possession of them — that Providence has given them a special commission to "reconstruct" the groundwork of our most important beliefs. The bishop will doubtless be surprised at the slight impression which his painful labors will make on the Christian world, though his position in it is giving them a notoriety which otherwise they could not command. We have no fears but that Moses and Joshua will still be read and historically accepted when this impugner (and others) of their authenticity and biblical authority shall be alike out of print and memory.

For the perpetual certification of these ancient books, to the human heart, as divinely inspired, lies in the savor of a pure piety which they preserve, in undiminishing freshness as the ages roll away. To the end of days, the memory of Abel and Enoch and Abraham and Moses, and others of those worthies, will be inseparably associated with a godly life and conversation in the world. Their histories and spirit could never have been the creation of a merely human genius. They show for themselves that they were men regenerated and sanctified from their generation by the Spirit of the Lord. Those records are all pervaded by a holy spirit, as none others of a similar national significance ever were. They embody the organization of society and the institutions of religion upon a different basis, and by an essentially unlike moving power, to anything else of which the early history of men gives account. Now, to go searching into such a series of documents to find here and there some superficial and very likely clerical flaw, and, on the discovery of something of this kind to proclaim the demolition of the whole biblical authority of the narrative, is puerile in the extreme. If men, of this author's antecedents and surroundings, or others less conspicuous, will still do it, they can hardly expect that any one, who has other serious occupations in hand, will stop to refute their busy idleness with much particularity. At least, we feel inclined to wait until it begins to be proved, as well as surmised and asserted, that there was no written language among the Jews until centuries subsequent to the time of Israel's sojourn in Egypt and the desert.

ARTICLE VIII.

SHORT SERMONS.

"Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—*John xi. 21.*

THIS was like Martha — busy, careful, frank, impetuous, loving Martha. And it was like Mary — contemplative, humble, devout — to

sit still in the house. Both were overwhelmed with sorrow for their brother's death. Martha's sorrow was as when the sea wrought and was tempestuous. The sorrow of Mary as when dark night settles down on the beautiful landscape, and waits in silence for the morning.

Martha had been restless and impatient till Jesus came, and hastened to meet him, and said just what she had wished and meant to say: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Here was Martha's faith and unbelief.

It was a noble testimony to Christ's divinity — her instant acknowledgment of his absolute dominion over disease and death. But why had he not come sooner, and saved her, as he, and he only could, from this huge and bitter grief, aggravated by a thousand regrets? Some intended comfort or embellishment for her brother's chamber had been put off by other cares; some impatient word had been spoken, to which he had answered only by silence; or she had carelessly missed the opportunity to accompany him in his last stroll through the corn-fields of Bethany. Now it was too late forever. Why had not the Master's love saved her from this?

There was transcendent benignity and wisdom in the Saviour's reply: "Thy brother shall rise again." No word of reproof — Oh wondrous love! — for he saw her heart full of anguish; but light shall spring out of this dark dispensation, such as she could not have conceived. That sublimest of all the sayings of Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life," his unutterable sympathy for the sorrowing sisters, his tears at the grave, and the miraculous resurrection of Lazarus — these, for the assurance and consolation of the mourners to the end of time, were the decreed result of that great calamity which fell upon the little family at Bethany.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." — *John xv. 8.*

THIS is that truest greatness in the kingdom of God which is placed within the reach of all — to bring forth much fruit. Genius is not required, nor learning, nor eloquence, nor riches, nor eminent position in the church or the community.

I. What is the fruit spoken of?

Not so much external as internal, the fruit of the Spirit: "Without me ye can do nothing." Any man can be active in a religious way; may mightily stir up others, like Jehu, by his zeal; may go to the

ends of the earth as a missionary ; yet be utterly dead and without any fruits unto God. So you may bind painted fruits to dry sticks, but grapes can only grow from the union of a living branch to a living vine. "The fruits of the Spirit are manifest, which are these : love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

II. The means of this fruitfulness. The Word of God and prayer.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Mark how entirely the work of spiritual renovation is of God. Grapes of thorns and figs of thistles would be far less an impossibility, than a single right thought, or feeling, or desire, without God's supernatural grace. "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the praise and glory of God."

III. The certainty of the attainment.

It is absolutely pledged. "Ye shall ask what ye will" — of divine grace, that is, that ye may bring forth fruits unto God. Here is the prayer of faith and its answer. "This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us." And that nothing can be in more perfect accordance with his will than prayer for personal holiness is certain, for "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples."

Highest and most commanding of all motives to the Christian ! The glory of the eternal Father ! To give another moon to the starry firmament, or set a new and brighter sun in the heavens, would be a little thing in comparison. Just as soon as the church takes hold with her might on this doctrine of Christ, "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days,"

ARTICLE IX.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Divine Human in the Scriptures. By TAYLER LEWIS, Union College. pp. 407. 12mo. New York : Carters. 1860.

Not confining our attention to the newest issues of the press, we would like to recall our readers to this not only valuable but uncommon work. Its design is to secure a thorough re-study of the Bible

as the only sufficient antidote of the scepticism, both lettered and unlettered, of the times. To this end it offers a thoughtful and most Christian discussion of a variety of closely related topics. We give a very brief outline of the argument.

Striking the key-note of his theme in the much deeper than verbal analogy — “The Written Word; The Incarnate Word” — the author begins by showing how these terms — “the Word of Truth; the Word of Life” are used in the Scriptures, bringing out the meaning of the title “Son of Man” as expressing the pure humanity of Jesus. No man was ever so human. Thence, the humanity of the Written Word is deduced: the divine in the human.

The *language* of the Bible was divinely chosen. It has therefore a divine significance. Modern interpretation makes too little of the oneness and spirituality of the inspired books. If the fathers found more in them than the text always justifies, we are drifting under a critical and rationalistic guidance, to the other extreme. The Living Word breathes everywhere through the Written Word.

Verbal Inspiration is the specially designed product of *emotions* supernaturally inbreathed, becoming outward in *thoughts*, and these again having their ultimate outward forms in *words* and *figures*, as truly designed and inspired as the thoughts and emotions in which both the ideas and images had their birth. This theory of *theopneustia* begins with the most interior spirituality of the subject of it, and ends with the language as the last outward result. Old truths are reset in more arresting forms. Moral conceptions demand not only clearness of expression but intenseness. The colder ethical formulæ give place in the Bible to a penetrating human tenderness or personality. The Infinite can reveal Himself in language. The denial of this ends in pantheism, and precludes the whole doctrine of the Supernatural. It admits only the one total movement of the universe. Men instinctively abhor this blank naturalism. Miracles are refused as contrary to the credence of the senses, not of the reason. The real wonder is that God does not speak oftener to us.

Farther; the denial of the “anthropopathic,” and hence the supernatural, forbids any divine knowledge of the Finite: He cannot know our knowledge, on that theory. But he does. He thinks our thoughts, feels our feelings, cognizes our consciousness, as well as his own eternal exercises of mind and heart. The true Scripture pantheism does not imperil the personality of God. God’s knowledge of our sin, while himself sinless, is a mystery, as Christ’s taking our guilt, while guiltless.

If Revelation is human, it must be most human. Nature is a gen-

eral epistle addressed to our reason. The Bible is an individual epistle addressed to each human soul. Its language, whether direct or typical, is admirably fitted to its purpose. It is not obsolete, for it is the unchangeable speech of human sympathy, of holy love. We have not outgrown it. It is the best medium for the utterance of devotion — the nearest to the Ineffable. A philosophical dress would have marred the Scriptures, though the materials of it were at hand. The Old Testament language produced a higher order of thought than that of any eastern or western philosophy. Neither have our modern progressives, literary, political, religious, developed any such moral purity and spirituality as to need a new theological language.

It is an enduring Word ; living forever in a living people, written on the heart of the universal church. It is not, like other "holy books," adapted only to one phase of humanity ; but it is a universal scripture, the most national, yet the most cosmical of writings. Its world-life makes it the most translatable of books. Its marvellousness never becomes grotesque. The natural rises into the supernatural. The Old Testament, but especially the life of Christ, vindicates the moral grandeur of its divine interventions. The natural elements of the Scriptures admitted, the supernatural follow by a logical necessity. No narratives are so human, so inherently credible as these.

The Bible must be either a veritable history ; an entire forgery ; or a traditional compilation. The *second* is impossible. Literary forgeries come of a different order of things. If the Bible were a forgery, the whole contemporary state of the race must have also been forged to fit into its couplings. So is the *third* hypothesis untenable. Internal obstacles discard it. Tradition is hazy, legendary, distorted ; as the Greek myths. Jewish Scripture is numerical, chronological, precise, from 'Noah's Almanac to Haggai's diary.' It is statistical, genealogical, geographical, documentary — replete with careful census-tables, and significant, memorial names, revealing the national character, particularly in its religious tendencies. The *filling-up* proves the authentic nature of the records. The same is true of the New Testament records. The natural in the history of Christ proves a divine interest immeasurable in its intensity. There must be not only a witnessing God, but witnessing all this as a method of the manifestation of the Infinite truth and grace, condemning and vanquishing human sin.

This new life in the world was perpetuated into the apostolic period. It came from the grave of Christ. A chasm in church history, scantily filled by the apostolical writings, separates the ages of canonical inspiration from later times. The new life was more than

the knowledge of Christian truth. Besides the doctrine, it was the risen life, of the Crucified. The disciples were the "Christ-bearers" — "the man in Christ." Saint Paul was the type of the class. Not a dogmatist, he was the most practical of moralists. He thought more of graces than of gifts, of charity than of the wonder-working power.

The Bible is thus shown to be a World-Book, inspired, by the in-breathing of the Lord, with the truest humanity and the fullest divinity; replete with power; none of it superannuated; the book of the race; giving us universal truths in its statements of the fall, redemption, incarnation, and human brotherhood. Our modern rationalists, in discarding its revelation, are making no progress in holiness, the only right advance of humanity; their criticism of the sacred text is essentially unsafe, and worthless, as all must be which "has not the unction of a hearty faith."

We have made this full synopsis of the volume before us, partly in our own, and partly in the author's terms, not even hinting at a hundred of its excellent suggestions, nor adopting its every particular shade and idea, in the hope of attracting some unsettled inquirer to its pages. We have personal knowledge that it is commanding the deep respect of meditative minds, some of them very far from an acceptance of all the truth which it unfolds. It does not travel a beaten track. It is as fresh in its thoughts as it is thorough in its reasonings.

The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments. Translated and arranged, with Notes. By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER. Vol. 1. The New Testament. Vol. 2. The Later Prophets. Vol. 3. The Hebrew Poets. 12mo. pp. 423, 384, 348. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

A NEW translation of the Scriptures is fast becoming no rarity. Of late this field has been quite tempting, and many are in it. As an indication of the age it is a good one, whatever the private purposes of the translators. We cannot however obscure the fact that the most of them are serving some denominational or theological interest that the received translation does not favor. Hence most of the new translators are at the same time annotators, chronologists, and reconstructionists of the canon. Undoubtedly the text of the common version may be improved, as well as some of its renderings and English phrases. So all these efforts at new translations will furnish welcome aid in the study of the scholar and to the popular expounder of the

Bible. But all the improvements on the common version, proved or claimed, do not yet amount to enough to warrant the church in disturbing her practical and godly faith in the Bible as it is. To revise and accommodate our Scriptures to the changes in the English language is, we think, just the thing we should not do. Since the days of Elizabeth and James the English has been growing less pure, as a language for popular use, and we rejoice in the "authorized" version as the most powerful of forces to keep our language near to its best estate. Its very lack of adaptation for nice discrimination in those earlier days was a high recommendation. A language like the present English, polished and sharp and set for minute distinctions in metaphysics, theology, and philosophy, would be at a wide variance from the genius of the Hebrew and Greek of the original Scriptures.

A translation in our day is in danger of becoming an emendation, because of the nice philosophical distinctions that now possess, as a spirit, our language, yet find no responsive spirit in those ancient ones. And this danger increases where but one sect, or an individual, undertakes the translation.

Mr. Sawyer brings to his favorite work a fair knowledge of the sacred languages and their cognate tongues, and has greatly improved some of the renderings. We do not admire his English. It lacks that felicitous conjoining of precision and grace in turning a thought. It has not the unconscious, unlabored beauty of the version that he would improve. There is also an unprofitable disregard of expressions and phrases. Ages have hallowed them, and sacred associations have added, in our feelings, to their divinity. Nothing but the sternest necessity, imposed by greater fidelity to the original, should do violence to sentences of holy writ that the world of English-speaking Christians have been using for two centuries and a half: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a modius"; "I tell you truly, you shall not go out thence till you have paid the last quadrans"; "When they arrived at the place called Cranium, there they crucified him"; "And Jeva of gods planted a park in Eden of the East, and set there the man whom he had formed"; "And Enoch walked with the gods and was not, for God took him"; "And God said to Noah, Make you a chest of pine trees, make chambers in the chest." We have no sympathy with such changes. They bring us no nearer to the original, unless it be Cranium, and who wishes to substitute that word for Calvary, the dearest in sacred geography? How is modius better than bushel, or quadrans than farthing, or chest of pine-trees than ark of gopher wood?

In some instances Mr. Sawyer has made our version more grammat-

ical, clear, and euphemistic, but these improvements will not balance the needless variations and positive errors that we think he has introduced. Take the first Psalm: "The wicked shall not rise up at the judgment, nor sinners at the assembly of the righteous." Note. "The rising up referred to is that of the resurrection, and the judgment post-resurrectionary." We find no reason in the Psalm, or in the use of *נִשְׁאָר*, to manufacture thus an argument for the annihilation of the wicked. Of Ps. vii. 11, "God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day," we have this translation: "God is a righteous judge; but a mighty one foams with rage every day." Note. "God is not the being who is angry every day. The Mighty One who is the subject of this infirmity is elsewhere called Satan." But see Ps. lxxvii. 14-16, Sawyer's translation. On the Book of Proverbs we find these strictures: "The continual repetition of the proverb about the contentious wife is disgusting"; "The doctrine of the rod in this poem, as applied to children, has a degree of asperity which marks a rude, uncultivated people."

Mr. Sawyer has singular views on the dates of the sacred writings, and these views he has woven into his translation, in the text and notes. The Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, first and second Samuel, and Kings, according to his theory, were not written out as we receive them till about B. C. 500. Moses not only did not write the Pentateuch, but had no knowledge of Hebrew letters. David did not write any of the Psalms, nor the major prophets the books assigned to them. Nay more. "All the books of the Hebrew Bible are anonymous, not excepting the later prophets, which are memoirs or memorials of the prophets, professing to represent their labors, and not authentic documents given under their hands and certified from their pens." Vol. II. 293. "None of them can date back beyond the Babylonian Exile"; p. 295. Even "the introduction of letters among the Hebrews [was] subsequent to the time of David." The book of Proverbs may have been composed, Mr. Sawyer thinks, as late as B. C. 150. Canticles "may be assigned to B. C. 140." Job "belongs to the last period of Hebrew literature." These assumed data set the received age and authorship of the sacred books of the Old Testament all afloat.

To these novel notions of the translator we should add his theory that nothing in the Pentateuch is historically reliable before the times of Esau and Jacob. The accounts of the creation, of Adam and Eve, the fall, the death of Abel, the deluge, call of Abraham, offering of Isaac, etc., are to be taken allegorically. The persons named before Esau and Jacob were not real persons. They were "stock men," representatives or types, and not separate persons.

With such strange theories about the composition of the canon and its historical verity, we of course are in doubt how much Mr. Sawyer can serve revealed religion by his translations. Those only should use his volumes who are able to weigh his assumptions and oppose *dicta* to *dicta*, while we confess to his giving us new light on many passages. But with his novelties, crudities, and heresies, his very light has a suspicious glare. We give his translations this credit, that they furnish another strong evidence to the unapproachable excellence of our common version.

Spots on the Sun, or the Plumb-Line Papers. Being a Series of Essays, or critical examinations of difficult passages of Scripture; together with a careful inquiry into certain dogmas of the Church. By Rev. T. M. HOPKINS, A. M., Geneva, N. Y. 12mo. pp. 367. Third edition. Geneva, N. Y.: William J. Moses. 1862.

WE have here eight essays on difficult passages in the Word of God and doctrines in the Church. The themes are those stirring ones for critics on which there have always been struggles in the theological world: "Sampson and his Foxes," "The Dial of Ahaz," "The Resurrection of the Body," "The God-likeness in Man," "The Inexorable element in Law," "Did Christ preach the whole Gospel?" "Stopping of the Sun and Moon," in two parts. Mr. Hopkins takes up these topics with great earnestness, and with a purpose to shed new and useful light. They have evidently been much and long in his mind, and he writes as one who loves the truth, and feels that wrong is done to it by the popular views on these subjects. Most commentators have found it difficult to manage those three hundred foxes, but Mr. Hopkins catches them napping, as he thinks, under an erroneous translation. The word *ḥayyot*, fox or jackal, he derives from *ḥayy*, which he says means "to compress, squeeze together, bind." So the word rendered foxes, he renders bundles, and so translates the passage thus: "Then went Sampson and took three hundred bundles of grain," etc. But Gesenius does not sustain his definition of the word, and we feel the need, in reading the essay, of illustrative passages in the way of proof. The writer shows more ability in presenting the difficulties of the passage than in sustaining his proposed explanation. If his derivation and definition of the word rendered "foxes" can be sustained, he will give much aid on a difficult passage.

"The Dial of Ahaz" is resolved into "A flight of Stairs," or something on which shadows could fall, and so mark the progress of the sun. He convicts our translators of an anachronism, and so of start-

ing a whole train of false ideas on this passage, by using the words "dial" and "degrees." No such chronometer as a dial, he affirms, was in use till centuries after the days of Ahaz. The account of the stopping of the sun and moon by Joshua he regards as an interpolation, and the position is argued at great length and in various ways. Part second of this essay, being a reply to one who had reviewed Mr. Hopkins, we regard as a blemish to the volume, in its personalities, spirit, and general style. The defects are more obvious as being found in a biblical criticism.

We commend the author for his moral courage in attacking these translations and dogmas, though with equivocal success. The essays are too wordy. The difficulties are stated and restated with tedious repetition and much authorial personality. The "foxes" could all have been despatched in one fourth the space by an economical use of ammunition, and "The Dial of Ahaz" would have been a stronger article in twenty pages than in its present fifty. Still we should remember that the essays were originally "Plumb-Line Papers," and designed for popular rather than scholarly readers.

The Canon of the Holy Scriptures examined in the Light of History.

By Professor L. GAUSSEN, of Geneva, Switzerland, Author of "Theophneusty," "Birth-Day of Creation," etc., etc. Translated from the French, and Abridged, by EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D. 12mo. pp. 463. Published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston. 1862.

THIS is an abridgment of Prof. Gausсен's work that fills two 8vo. volumes, and presents both parts of the great argument for the canonicity of the common version of the Bible—the Historical, and that which appeals to God's guardian care of his Word through the centuries, and to its effect, by divine grace, in the hearts of believers; or, as the author expresses it, "The Method of Science and the Method of Faith."

This volume gives us only the former, and contains an exhaustive discussion of the historical argument. The internal character of the Scriptures must continue to be, as it has always been, the more convincing argument for their canonicity; but that which is presented here challenges, and should receive, careful study. Any one who has never pursued this inquiry, would be surprised to find how complete is the evidence for the Bible as it is. It is difficult to conceive how it could be more so.

Prof. Gausсен begins with the New Testament, because, as he says,

"the proofs which show the canonicity of the books of the New Testament equally establish that of the Old." He traces the notion of a canon of the New Testament to the days of the apostles, describes its first formation in the last half of the first century, and then establishes its genuineness and authenticity by the most incontestable evidence of "Catalogues," "Councils," and "Fathers." Difficulties and objections are considered with patience, and shown to be without any substantial foundation.

The canonicity of the Old Testament is established on the clear and explicit testimony of the Jews, of Jesus Christ, and of the apostles.

This abridgment is of great value, although scholars would much prefer the entire work of Prof. Gaussen, which was published as a sequel to his volume on the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Christian Self-Culture ; or Counsels for the Beginning and Progress of a Christian Life. By LEONARD BACON. 16mo. pp. 270. Boston : American Tract Society. 1863.

THIS treatise travels substantially the route of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The well-known name of its author is a sufficient index of its method and spirit. Its style is plain and direct ; its atmosphere is intellectual ; its theology business-like. It professes not to deal with truth doctrinally ; yet a doctrinal sub-structure must hold up every discussion of the beginning, particularly, of the Christian life. To that which underlies and shapes this treatment of the supreme question of the soul's regeneration, we should give an assent with qualifications ; hardly regarding the clearing up of the subject in chapter second as adequate to the occasion. The brevity of the explanations interferes with the writer's wonted perspicuity. The chapters on the cultivation of the religious graces are analytical and instructive. A warmer glow of spiritual fervor, as in Doddridge's ever quickening book, would better balance the ratiocinative tendencies of this volume, and clothe it with a much more persuasive power. It strikes us that, in the whole development of his theme, much too great a proportionate emphasis gathers about that little word "self" in the leading title, giving an undue preponderance to the human over the divine element in the work of Christian culture. The inquiry is a vital one, whether the true way to excite our most earnest coöperation with God, in this 'culture,' be not to put a very much stronger stress on the fact which Christ affirms — "Without me ye can do nothing." This truth is indeed assumed in these pages ; but they are not so steeped in its power and presence as we could wish.

We are indebted to the same publishing society for several smaller and more popular publications.

The Life of our Lord upon the Earth ; Considered in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Relations. By SAMUEL J. ANDREWS. Crown octavo. pp. xvi., 624. New York : Charles Scribner. 1862.

THESE pages furnish ample evidence of careful and reverent study. They show a patient habit of research, and a familiarity with the best literature of the subject in hand. If the author does not always give us his judgment of a *quæstio vexata*, he puts before us the most reliable materials from which to form a decision of our own. His plan assumes the historical truthfulness of the Gospel records ; hence he does not take up the Straussian controversy. Nor does he enter upon the inspiration of the writers, nor attempt any spiritual applications of the discourses of Christ ; while the discussion of points of learned criticism is often quite elaborate, as the title-page foreshadows. The point of view throughout recognizes the supernatural elements of the narrative ; indeed, he carries this somewhat beyond the common understanding, in making, for instance, the flowing of the blood and water from our Saviour's side, a miraculous incident. The spirit of the work is also evangelical. But, could the author have connected some devout, if not doctrinal, observations with the treatment of, for example, the temptation, the transfiguration, the various miracles of Jesus, and the affecting closing scenes of the history, it would have relieved the progress of his labors of a somewhat arid atmosphere. We know, however, that it is very difficult to combine the peculiar unction of a "Life of Christ" like Jeremy Taylor's with a scholarly work like this — perhaps it is quite impracticable. Our author has well accomplished all that he proposed to do in his unusually well conceived and written preface. The preliminary essays upon the dates of our Lord's birth, baptism, and death, are valuable. His birth is assigned, with a strong probability, to December, A. U. C. 749 ; his baptism, to January, 780 ; his crucifixion to April 7th, 783.

Lyra Cœlestis ; Hymns of Heaven. Selected by A. C. THOMPSON, D. D. 12mo. pp. 382. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 1863.

THE editor of this volume has brought together, from many authors and languages, a rich body of poetry illustrative of the various aspects of the heavenly life. Books of this kind are elevating to the moral feel-

ings, and especially consolatory to the Christian heart. It is well to have them within easy reach as helps to a spiritual tendency of the mind. The reading of devotional poetry is an excellent means of pious culture. In these times of disturbance and distress, heavenly visions become unusually dear to faith and hope. Many of these poems were inspired by just such sore trials as we are now suffering, and they are, next to the Bible itself, the very aids which we need to keep our courage true to our Redeemer, even to the end. There is rest in heaven, if this world is a stormy ocean. We recognize not a few familiar pieces, and find some curiosities, as the full version of Dickson's "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," in sixty-two four-lined stanzas. The work is executed with much taste. Out of its numerous pleasing effusions, we give a single sonnet by Henry Alford, entitled "Our Early Friends."

"One and another, pass they and are gone,
Our early friends. Like minute-bells of heaven,
Across our path in fitful wailings driven,
Hear we death's tidings ever and anon.
A little longer, and we stand alone;
A few more strokes of the Almighty's rod,
And the dread presence of the voice of God
About our footsteps shall be heard and known.
Toil on, toil on, thou weary, weary arm;
Hope ever onward, heavy-laden heart;
Let the false charmer ne'er so wisely charm;
Listen we not, but ply our task apart,
Cheering each hour of work with thoughts of rest,
And with their love who labored and are blest."

How to be Saved. Three Letters to a Friend. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: American Tract Society. 1862.

Books are not valuable according to their size. Books on a subject like this ought to be small, elementary, divested of every superfluous thought and word. This treatise is divided into three sections: "What the Holy Spirit does for the Sinner." "What the Sinner must do for himself." "What are the Evidences of Conversion." The answers to these inquiries are practical and scriptural. But those which dispose of the first two topics might be yet more simplified, by just saying that what the Holy Spirit does for the sinner is—to create within him a new heart and a right spirit; and that what the sinner must do for himself is—not to do anything which shall hinder God's

Spirit from working in him repentance, faith, love, obedience. Dr. Spencer says that when some one asked a young, rejoicing Christian, long struggling with conviction, what she did to obtain mercy, her answer was, "I stopped doing, and let God do what he wanted to for me." The experienced views and the earnest expostulations of this little book are fitted to do much good to the serious reader, in inducing an immediate and hearty submission to Christ, and in testing, by a few radical evidences, the genuineness of that submission.

Broadcast. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D. 12mo. pp. 210. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

A BOOK of sententious wisdom, pure sentiment, suggestive thought. The author has special qualifications for this delicate work. His gems are genuine, and the facets are skilfully cut. Take these :

"Wherefore askest thou after my name, seeing it is secret ?" Consider the value and beauty of privacy in religion, as regards some experiences which never can be mentioned without both breaking a certain charm in them to ourselves, and incurring the suspicion of fanaticism, or at least, presumption."

"And a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith.' We must not despair of conversions among the ecclesiastics of erroneous systems."

"Hearing one complain that he did not know that God had elected him, the question was put to him, 'Have you "elected" God ?'"

Most of these paragraphs evolve themselves from Scripture expressions. We think that the first reading of them will not generally exhaust their full meaning. They should be pondered carefully, in the precise sense of that word, when they will be found to contain very weighty and impressive significance. For stimulating the mind to the conception of sermons, this book is worth more to a preacher than volumes of printed skeletons.

The Institutes of Medicine. By MARTYN PAINE, A. M., M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the University of the City of New York, &c., &c., &c. Seventh edition. 8vo. pp. 1130. New York : Harper & Brothers. London : Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1862.

SEVEN editions of a massive work like this, in fifteen years, are a sufficient voucher for its high estimation among the medical faculty,

from the members of which it must have received its main patronage. Its author is a champion of the theory of the *vitalists* and the *solidists* in medicine, as differing from the more recent *chemical* and *excito-secretory* school of practitioners. We confess a liking to conservative views in medicine as well as theology; and although not competent to maintain an argument upon the issues involved in these differences of the doctors, we can see that this stately volume is from the hand of a master of his profession. Its strong points are a broad and thorough treatment of the whole science of physiology, pathology, and therapeutics; a sturdy conviction of the soundness of its positions; a clear understanding of the opposing theories; and a vigorous, classic, concise, and unflinching style of writing. He seems to have gone through the intricate questions involved in his treatise with an independent and well-adjusted mind, which has stored itself with the rich spoils of patient and varied study in his chosen field of knowledge. Possibly, a consciousness of coming to the rescue of his specific views, as a medical man, from the popular spread of later opposing doctrines, may have given his advocacy of the older system a somewhat overstrained look; but this may constitute one of its valuable qualities, as an authority in the profession has put the point: "In an age when humorism and organic chemistry are threatening to displace all other views of physiological and pathological action, this work, *because it is ultra* in its vitalism and solidism, must exert a most salutary influence upon the history of the present and the rising generation." We note that the author guards against the too frequent habit of "excessive medication," and, in a labored supplementary dissertation, contends with great cogency and a truly Christian spirit for the distinct existence and immortality of the human soul, against the materialists and all who, confounding reason with instinct, push us downward towards annihilation. We are gratified that so erudite a *savant* is not reluctant to recognize the authority of the Scriptures in these high spheres of knowledge. His learned labors confer dignity upon the profession of which he is at once a pillar and an ornament.

The Book-Hunter, etc. By JOHN HILL BURTON. With additional Notes by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Crown 8vo. pp. 423. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1863. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

A VOLUME of piquant anecdote, juicy humor, and much useful as well as entertaining knowledge. We like it; and despite its own *dictum*, have made the margin of our copy "sedgy" with notes and queries — the paper takes ink beautifully. We commend it to the

clerical brotherhood as a capital alternative for their weightier professional reading. Here, by the way, is one of its oddities — where the author advises that the deleterious mental effects of too much of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and similar elaborate works, be obviated by alternated courses of such books as "Boston's Fourfold State, or Hervey's Meditations, or Sturm's Reflections for Every Day in the Year, or Don Juan, or Ward's History of Stoke-upon-Trent." This singular string of literature reminds us of the call of an after-dinner toast-master upon the music "to strike up something lively — Yankee Doodle, or Old Hundred, or anything of that sort." A good deal of *that sort* burrows between these covers.

The book will nourish a wholesome antiquarianism among our scholarly men, in large classes of whom this is much needed. It will help to the more intelligent and rewarding purchase of books, and foster the library-collecting spirit, while it furnishes the best correctives of morbid excesses in that direction. Its talk about bookstores and particularly book-auctions, is full of interest. The story *anent* "McEwen on Types" would cure a fit of severe indigestion; but we shall not tell it here. The information about Club-Literature is fresh and valuable. The author is a thorough bibliophile, and knows how to bring down his game. He throws some excellent criticism into his very digressive disquisitions, and makes his bibliomanias as attractive as a romance. It is among these lighter species of the book-making craft that we class it — a toothsome dessert after some more substantial bill of fare.

The American annotator has caught the spirit of his text, and ranges about quite as loosely and briskly as his file-leader. Some of these notes are decided curiosities, as that in which he adds certain pithy contemporary war-orders to the list above-given of intellectual digesters. Both author and editor, in fact, have evidently intended to take the bit in their teeth over a very free course. The result is a volume which will doubtless itself have a run, and very possibly impart an impetus to some other heavier literary wares.

ARTICLE X.

THE ROUND TABLE.

BOOKS. What sapient king was it who ordered his librarian to put all his volumes on the shelves with their backs inward, because, forsooth, his majesty would not permit even a book to turn its back on him? A wiser man was an old companion of ours — now a great celebrity — who used to lie for hours looking, in silent reverie, at the goodly rows of his chosen friends in their cheerful coats of sheep, and calf, and muslin, drinking inspiration from a sort of slumbrous yet not sleepy musing on what was within those pleasant tomes, and how it came there. We confess to something of the same thing; for often, when stretched upon our study-lounge for a summer nap, the shining gold-leaf lettering of a row of the *dei majores* or *minores* has caught our eye, and instead of a trip in the first train of balloons to the land of dreams, we have found ourself careering in a most wide-awake mood — to, it would be hard to say where — among the haunts of the muses and the genii — whence have come the beautiful and the wise fancies and thoughts of three thousand years. Next to the inside of books, their backs are stimulating and precious, even if in cheapest *boards*. Yet, we admire also the binder's art, with something of a John-Foster weakness.

In that alcove stand side by side, in loving propinquity, a thousand of the choicest of these "embalmed souls," like the armory of David's tower, "whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men." But our weaponry is worth more than his, for, despite the spirit of the times, the pen is greater than the sword. Some of these pens are, indeed, but very soft ones from the eaglet's wing, and others are of the strong pinions which sail right upward towards the sun. But how shall the eaglet's wing become the eagle's, except by use? "Almost an impertinence for a young man to publish a book" — or for a young woman either? The kindly author of "Veal" did not say that, with all his quiet fun over this, and other sorts of immaturity. Nevertheless, beef is more toothsome and nutritious than cutlets.

This extinguisher of youthful aspirations (we have noticed his volumes in a former number) has another "Intuition" which is a truth or a heresy according to circumstances: — "usually an error in an old man to have published two." If the authors of "Festus" and "Uncle

Tom" had heeded this saying, their literary fame would have been much more crystalline than it is or ever again can be. Some have said the same of even Milton and old Homer — may their august shades pardon us for this juxtaposition! But, on the one-book rule, where would ye have been, bright offspring yonder of the gentle "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.;" and the shelf beneath, where Prescott and Bancroft glorify the historic muse; and the goodly octavos of the bard of Avon; and Sir Walter's many-tongued, many-hued witchery of the North? It depends on who makes the books whether the world will be the gainer by the one or the hundred. But there's a way of salvation from the drones and the dunces. Old Time will not drag an ambulance very far for the sick and the wounded. What cannot go on its own legs must lie down by the road-side and — die. It is as unfortunate for a gifted brain to strangle before birth the children of a king, as for an intellectual beggar or bankrupt to be littering the streets with his starveling brood.

"Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

If the mere mechanical organ-grinders would only stop grating the air with their noisy pipes, and the souls that are full of harmonies would give voice to their inspiration, that would be the seventh-day rest and jubilee to the lovers of 'books which are books,' however the book-stores and circulating libraries might suffer. Meanwhile our old acquaintances look cheerily down on us from their cosy corners, and seem to shrug their shoulders at the last comers on our centre-table, as much as to say — 'wonder if *you* have anything inside equal to your bran-new jackets?' *Nous verrons.*

"DUTY IS OURS: CONSEQUENCES GOD'S." — A great truth and a greater sophism. It is the plea of the zealot, the radical, and the hobby man. One desires intensely to do a certain thing, or is obstinately determined on a certain step; and with this good-looking adage on his lips he goes forward, thinking to make God responsible for any evil issue. There is more presumption than piety in thus imposing on providence to take care of our blind and headlong steps. Many, who are the victims of an unreasoning, emotional, and indolent pietism, adopt this short cut at a conclusion and place God on the look-out, rather than gird themselves to the labor of finding out what is duty. Doubtless we are to do our duty and then trustingly leave the results with God. This is the great truth in our caption. But the greater sophism lies in supposing that we can determine what duty really is,

in many cases, without taking the probable consequences into account. Duty is often made a question of probabilities in view of probable results, and the certainty of certain results determines whether the proposed act is a duty or not.

The cases are few where duty is made certain by positive precept. Within the decalogue a man may act, and leave the consequences with the Lawgiver; but outside those ten brief rules he must be accountable for the harvesting as well as the seed-sowing.

Were morals as proper a field for demonstration as mathematics, the proverb in question might be freely used. But as things are, the forecasting of results, and the balancing of probabilities mark the line and measure of the most of our moral obligations. Much of the sophism in the proverb lies in assuming an act or course to be a duty regardless of consequences, whereas probable consequences have very much to do in determining whether the act or course is a duty or not.

We cannot make God responsible for our zealous and fanatical acts, nor are we at liberty to trust lazily to providence to make a good issue from an act which a proper sense of our own responsibility and fair use of our reason and conscience would have kept us from committing. It is only when we have done the best we are capable of that God consents to be responsible. We must not only be conscientious, but must have an enlightened, vigorous, and correct conscience. For we are as much bound to have a correct conscience as we are to obey that inward monitor. But if we take a passion or emotion for a sense of duty, and make the will a large ingredient in what we call conscience, it will be but sinful shuffling to say: "Duty is ours: Consequences God's."

A BOOK NOTICE. — Judging from usage we are in doubt what this ought to be, unless we adopt the rule of general approbation. We run our eye over the column or pages of book notices and conclude at once that our age is most fortunate in its writers, or that those ranging within the circle of our critic have a peculiar felicity in their topics, substance, and treatment. An unfavorable criticism is rare. We then turn our eye to the counter of the publishers of these volumes and are amazed. The "Notices of the Press" have not described the article. We used to purchase new books on the strength of these criticisms, but we are done with all such faith and works. There is a passion for praising a book. The thought, if possible, is first commended; if not, the style comes next. Failing here, the type are called up, or the gifts and graces of the binder, or the exquisite tints of the paper. Or clippings and gleanings are wrought into a

pretty mosaic that we are left to infer is a fair sample of the book. So are we coming to have a new proverb editorial: *Nihil de libris nisi bonum*.

In our novitiate and simplicity at our Table we have unconsciously and unwittingly fallen into the policy of saying of a book just what the book says after you have purchased it. In all this we have innocently overlooked the personal feelings of the author, the pecuniary interests of the publisher, and our own profit or loss editorial in the books that may or may not be afterward laid on our table for notice.

Really what is due to author, publisher, and purchaser, except that we describe the book as it is, its excellencies and blemishes, its heresy and orthodoxy, its fact and fiction?

If a critic begin at the paper-mill, and come round through the type-foundry, printing-office, and bindery, he can of course say a multitude of gratifying and true things without giving the reader of his notice any just idea of the contents of the volume. For ourselves, we have an admiration, almost passionate and amateur, for the externals of a book, paper, type, and binding. We love to see a worthy child worthily dressed. Still we adhere to our original notion that a "Book Notice" should fairly describe, for its limits, the book noticed. It should follow with great fidelity the subject in hand. The descriptive botanist furnishes a good model for this kind of literary labor. He distinguishes from everything else what he describes, be it crocus or crab-apple, juniper, lotus, or lichen.

ORMULUM. — This ancient black-letter (whose title, in our notice of "Richard de Bury," in our last number, somewhat myteriously elongated itself into *Ormulione*) is a very curious specimen of the state of our language as far back as the thirteenth century. Its orthography is barbarously chaotic: — as thurg for through; witen for know; ge for ye; heom for them; habbith for have; schullen don for shall do; idon for done; kineriche for kingdom; iseide for said. This was the common speech for the times, as in the following: "Here fon heo durre the lasse doute, but hit be thorw gyle . . . as me hath y-seye wyle" — which means whatever the dictionary pleases. By the way, we pleasantly encounter our old friend Richard of Bury in the heart of Hill Burton's "Book-Hunter," (just the spot for such a meeting,) where the reader can find lengthier extracts from his anything but dusty pages than we had room for. This *Te Deum Laudamus* is worthy of Victor Hugo himself, with six centuries between. Hear the bishop:

"Oh blessed God of Gods in Zion! what a rush of the glow of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris — the Paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. There are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics — there, flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes: there, academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down: there, the promontories of Parnassus and the porticos of the stoics."

SATAN CASTING OUT SATAN. — In Bidwell's "Eclectic Magazine" for February is an able review of Bishop Colenso's puny attack on the Bible, copied from its namesake, the "London Eclectic." In this article, page 244, we find the following deliverance:

"The New Testament is the guide of life. Unconverted people have no business or concern with the Old Testament, save as a matter of literary curiosity. Again we say, What can children or ignorant persons know of the very key for the comprehension of the Old Testament, of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, or the Prophets? Conversion first, and Christian discipleship, before we have the right to open these pages, or to look upon them as our property at all."

We have doubted the evidence of our own eyes, and have read the above passage again and again with utmost care, to be quite sure that it is the language of the English Christian reviewer of Colenso in the pages of the time-honored "London Eclectic," and we are quite sure that it is. Shades of Josiah Carter, and John Foster, and Robert Hall, has it come to this? Was Jesus wrong in exhorting the unconverted Jews to search the [Old Testament] Scriptures for testimony to himself? Did Paul make a mistake in reasoning to the unconverted Jews in Thessalonica for three Sabbath days "out of the Scriptures," when there were no Scriptures but those of the Old Testament? Shall we take away the Bible from our unconverted children and give them only the New Testament?

Where is our friend Dr. Campbell? We have a recollection of a similar "evil spirit" having entered into that invaluable Christian review some fourteen years ago, and we also remember that our stalwart brother was honored of God to have no small agency in casting it out.

WANTED. — A history of the Paganism of our Ancestors and their Conversion to Christianity. We do not at this present think of any one volume that could, in itself, be made so fascinating to a Christian public, and that would have so wide, and at the same time, so useful

a circulation. If such a book has been published in English it has escaped our notice.

One was promised in "Clark's Foreign Theological Library," as a translation by Dr. Stebbing, of "Schrodl's Introduction and Settlement of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons." But we think it was never published.

The materials for such a work are scattered about, and with labor one can gather them; but one should do it for all. There are the "Epistle of Gildas," the "Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester," the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," the "History of the venerable Bede," Lingard, and Turner, the "Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon," by Wright, Keyser's Religion of the Northmen, Wheaton's Northmen, Hook's Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and other works auxiliary, and of more or less value.

Such a volume would be of inestimable value in pleading the cause of Foreign Missions. Seeing what our own ancestors were, and what we might have been but for foreign missions, would draw most grateful and abundant offerings for the treasury of the American Board.

What an inviting field for study and labor this would be for some country pastor to annex to his small parish. The labor of preparing such a book would renew his youth, and his church, and confer a wide blessing on the church universal.

PET PIETY.—In the manufacture of pins, steam-engines, cotton-factories, and Monitors, a division of labor is doubtless a wise policy. Each operative learns to work with facility, speed, and accuracy.

So under a wise supervision the several parts of the work are well done, and when united show an admirable finish and completeness. Latterly a combination of capital has pressed manufacturers in this line, and with great success as to the quality and profits of the work.

Some of the children of light, appropriating the wisdom and policy of the children of this world, have attempted to carry the same process into moral labors. So has there come to be a new department in practical ethics, which might be called jobbing in morals and religion.

An individual, from some idiosyncrasy or combination of circumstances, is led to adopt some moral excellence or religious work as a *pet*. This he cultivates to an ungracious preponderance above all other virtues or Christian labors.

He becomes an adept in that specialty, and is quite likely to be-

come worthless elsewhere. He is like a "knee" in ship-timber, good for only one thing in one place. He is wanting in a round, full, well-proportioned ability for the every-day work of a common Christian life. Such men are apt to feel that their specialty is central among the great moral labors and interests of the age, and that the pointing of their pin or the smoothing of the eye of their needle ranks with building the turret of a Monitor or the Vicksburg Canal. More piety would make fewer pets in the Church.

AN ANTIQUE. — The recent paper famine has brought out of their hiding-places some curiosities. Here is one, found between the leaves of a sermon of the year 1774, which, with several hundred more, has left its attic-seclusion for the paper-mills. We give it exact in everything but its almost microscopic *fac-simile* :

"Edward Manning With his Wyf & Children, Desiers Prayers for him being in a very week Languishin Condition & full of Pain, that God would Direct to & Bless meens for his Recovery, However to fit & prepair him & al Concerned for his Holy plasure.

"Now Sir I Submit it to you Wheither to Reed or no, for I Continu to Ride out Every Day when the weather is good & I intend to Ride to Moro if y^e Weather be good & I Be Not Wors."

THE "SUCCESSFUL MAN." — His business was to accumulate property and keep it, and he succeeded. Or he coveted some public office or honor, and he succeeded. Life had no luxuries for him, and he had none for his family. Leisure hours, that are the most profitable when spent socially and joyfully by one's fireside, he never had. All his pecuniary transactions were the closest and the hardest, and he succeeded. He had but little mercy for a debtor, and no charity for a beggar, but he was a "successful man."

We often extemporize little rills of pity on the sides of our rustic and happy valleys, and they run by the widow's door, making her sing for joy. He never added to such streams. They could not drink from any spring in his rich pastures and meadows, but he was "a successful man," the neighbors said.

When there was sickness or sorrow at the next door, or in the poor cottage at the end of the lane, he could not afford a brief call, or the use of his carriage for an hour, or the helping hand of one of his workmen. The pressure of business made it impossible, for he was a "successful man."

No public institution, as the library, the church, the monument, the public square, the benevolent society, gained aid from him. He paid

nothing to public interests but what the law compelled. He knew nothing of moral and social taxation, and contributions to public spirit. But he was a "successful man." He could not spare time from his pecuniary or political pursuits to take care of his children. He had no leisure to govern and educate and mould them for the true honors of existence. So they were left to servants and tutors and the street-school; and so they grew up to be a reproach and grief to him and a bane to society. But he was a "successful man." Nothing but business was done at his office, and eating and sleeping at his home; and between the two he was always hurried.

When little Susan died the funeral was hastened into the next day, for the trade-sales he must attend at the opening; and he left lame Johnny to die with his mother because he had an engagement with the commissioners, for he was a man very punctual and successful in his business. And when he himself died he left a "handsome estate" and no friends, for he was a "successful man."

TEXTS AND TOPICS. — The times are unfortunate for sensation-preachers. We have not of late had any great battles or railroad accidents or shipwrecks. There must be a dearth of material for those popular sermons that are heralded in the secular papers. If, for want of a recent, or quaint, or out-of-the-way topic some of those pulpit-orators should be compelled to preach the common Gospel, what would they do? How could they gather an audience and hold it spell-bound, and gain the notoriety of a square from the penny reporter by preaching on repentance or the love of God? And how could they advertise themselves as about to preach from their own pulpits on faith, or humility, or holiness? There would be nothing catching in such a notice.

In scanning the Saturday's dailies of late we have seen but few announcements of sermons for the coming Sabbath, on queer subjects or thrilling incidents of the times, and we have pitied those preachers who depend on a strange theme to fill the pews. For the benefit of such we suggest a theme, fresh, popular, and, so far as we know, unused in this region, viz.: "Virginia Mud." Text: "And they draw them heavily," Pharaoh's chariots, through the Red Sea.

ERRATUM. — In the No. for January, p. 6, line 2, for "*placed*, i. e. *substituted*," read "*offered*, i. e. *as the substituted victim*."